TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Toronto has reason to thank its stars that the long-vexed question of the combined city and county buildings is to be settled at the polls a week from to-day. Saturday has been appointed for the polling in order to give workingmen an opportunity of recording their votes without inconvenience. For a long time we have had indictments and rumors of indictments because our city and county buildings are insufficient and unsanitary, but at last complete and approved plans are before us, tenders accepted under the condition that the ratepayers endorse the expenditure and we know exactly what the thing is going to cost. An exception has to be made to the plumbing, but I am assured that the estimated cost, $60,000, will be amply sufficient. The tenders have been put in after a careful study of specifications and all the routine proceeded with that any private citizen would observe in undertaking building operations. The estimated cost is $1,405,034, to which must be added the amount already expended for site, excavation, arbitration, etc.—$227,000—making a total of $1,632 034. Of this amount debentures are already authorized for $1,050,000 leaving a balance to be voted $582,034. It would be well to bear in mind that it is this balance on which the vote is being taken. Some of those opposed to the idea and apparently antagonistic to any expenditure in which they do not have a commission are violently assailing the whole scheme as being likely to cost two or three millions before completion. This thoroughly untenable stand is adopted with no other basis than a comparison with the original estimate for straightening the Don, a scheme begun in the middle without thought of where it would end, without providing for the expropriation of the land or agreement with the railways as to bridges. The court house site has already been purchased, a considerable amount of excavation made and the tenders are *final* in every respect. It will take four years for the completion of this handsome pile, which will be an ornament to Toronto, and one of the points of interest which will always be seen by visitors. Four years from now, those of us who have confidence in the city believe its population will be fifty per cent. greater than at present. Debentures are to be issued when needed, payable in forty years after dates of issue, and bearing interest at 3½ per cent. per annum, to meet this expenditure. Looking at it from this point of view, it will be the people of Toronto forty years hence rather than the people of to day, who will have to pay the bill. It is obviously unfair to unload upon posterity a burden of debt, a large portion of the benefit of which will not be theirs, but the children and grandchildren of the ratepayers of to-day, will have inherited the building as well as real estate of values far exceeding in proportion anything that we could estimate if each individual who is a qualified voter on this question has husbanded his resources and retained even the interest he now holds in the realty of Toronto.

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We are almost devoid of public buildings of interest and architectural beauty, while cities of inferior size and less assured prospects have added to their glory by erecting piles costing vastly more than the proposed structure. The faith of the people of Toronto in the future of the city has been exemplified by the enormous extension of the city itself and its suburbs. The private judgment of citizens leads them to believe that in ten years our populace will have more than doubled. If this be so, and it will, unless each man be in error, we should prepare for great things, and as a community as well as individuals demonstrate our faith in our future by providing buildings which, in point of architecture and convenience, will be worthy of the Toronto that is to be. We are not building for to day but for decades to come, and it must be remembered that we are not paying to-day but are arranging for those who shall have prospered here forty years hence to bear this burden, which will not be an unjust share, for each citizen in private operations and in paying heavy taxation is certainly doing all that justice calls upon him to do, to fill in the gaps between the prosperity of to-day and the greatness of to-morrow. We must remember too that a million dollars will be spent in wages within the next four years and conduce greatly to present prosperity.

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Those who are reviling the proposed expenditure and comparing it with that arranged for by the Province forget that the entire Province of Ontario is jealous of Toronto, that the expenditure had to be limited to the least possible sum lest the constituencies rise in revolt against any sum being expended at all for parliamentary purposes. Yet the comparison, even so far, is not fair, as only three trades have been let, and amount to over a million dollars. It will take another million to finish the work. We are building for Toronto, for our courts, councils, for York county and the machinery necessary to run it and all the civic and county business which aggregates a greater volume than that of the mere legislative machinery necessary for the Province at large. It seems to some critics that we should spend less than the Province is spending, but it must be remembered that the Province is building in a city which is absorbing the smaller towns of Ontario, while Toronto from its own resources and a margin on the future, is building for the people, and the business will require all the space which has been provided, and unless a brick or frame structure be erected, the cost must be as estimated. Comparisons with the frivolous cost at first stated as sufficient, omit to state that the estimates were guesses made by the same gentlemen who thought the Don improvements could be carried through for three hundred thousand dollars, and began by digging a hole in the country and trusting to finding a way out to the lake. The present plans have been prepared under the strict supervision of Mayor Clarke, who is recognized as a business man, as one of those wise men who count the cost before they begin to build. There are no enormous and irritating law-suits to be proceeded with against property holders; that matter has been settled. The contracts are in, the securities offered, everything is down in black and white and there is no use spoiling the ship for a bucketful of tar. I believe in Toronto's future, just so long as I can see the citizens moved by the same faith; I would cease to believe in its future if I saw her citizens fearful and anxious to retreat. It is only fair to believe that the outside public will occupy the same standpoint and will offer the same judgment. If in our public improvements we are preparing for a great city, the Province of Ontario, the Dominion of Canada and those who are interested in Canadian affairs on the other side of the border will take note of this faith in ourselves in our provision for the enlargement of our numbers, commerce and business and will judge us as we judge ourselves. Nothing so unfortunate could occur as to hear a retreat sounded. People of all classes, excepting the despairing ones who have been wailing about the walls for the last twenty years expecting them to fall down, have grown rich because they have believed in Toronto. I haven't the slightest idea that these fortunate ones imagine that our world of prosperity has come to an end because they have made a few hundred thousands. Twelve or fifteen thousand families in Toronto live on the building operations which are undertaken here. They have never built in vain. The more houses that have gone up the more people have flocked here with their money and their energy to help build up the place, and I see no reason now why the colic of some would-be reformers should so attract public attention that the Province of Ontario is to be called upon to witness the fact that while 170,000 or 180,000 people in Toronto are living and growing richer every day out of their trade, when it comes to an enterprise in which the community has to chip in, they suddenly discover that we have gotten to be as big as we ever shall be and propose to erect accommodation for the city and county accordingly. Before the debentures which are to be issued for the court house are paid Toronto will be a city of half a million of people and the people of that day will not thank us for putting up a little one-horse building insufficient for that time. Those who believe we have reached our limit cannot more plainly declare their idea than by assisting to defeat the by-law. Those who believe we are going on from greatness to supreme eminence cannot make their declaration more plainly, more publicly and more in the sight of all Canada than by erecting what will be a monument not to the pride of an architect or the ambition of a city council, but to the calm and well-assured faith which the community places in itself. Toronto has grown great so suddenly that it is sometimes hard to divest ourselves of village methods, hard to silence the grocery store philosophers who will make and unmake the reputation of township statesmen on the cheapness with which a $7 culvert has been put in. Now we are a city set on a hill, a magnet which draws with mighty force. Whether we shall continue to do this depends upon ourselves. If we take a fit of the ague and shiver when we think of what our children and grandchildren will have to pay for, Canada may well remark that we believe we are having a boom and that somebody is going to prick the bubble very shortly.

A couple of weeks ago I stated as plainly as I knew how that I imagined Toronto is extending her borders too far into the country; that money is being invested there which would find a much more profitable investment in the heart of the city, where values have not yet nearly reached their maximum. Real estate in Toronto to-day on the business streets, and on the streets adjacent thereto, is cheaper than in any American city of its size that I know of, while our prospects are better than those of any city of anywhere near its size that any of us have heard of. Just now there is no center to the city; it is scrambling all over. The erection of public buildings of so permanent a character in so central a spot as the one selected, will fix the center of the city. The vast expenditure soon to be undertaken by companies and private individuals in and near the same locality will also help to fix it and Toronto will begin to fill up and the suburbs will have to rely on the influx of population to make their values good. The conservative classes of ratepayers are those who have property down town. From a dozen personal interviews I know that they feel that suburban speculation has gone too far, but with one accord they express the idea that the old city is under-valued. It is to the interest of those who own down town property to forget their inclination towards a false economy and vote for this by-law. Those on the outside of the city cannot afford to file a declaration that they believe Toronto has seen its best days by assisting to defeat the by-law. It is to the interest of one and all to put on record in this matter that we believe in ourselves and our future, and I am firmly assured that Toronto will do it.

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It is all right for us to show our anxiety to get other people to come to Toronto and put up expensive buildings; we have succeeded in doing this, but we cannot do it much longer if we do not show some faith in ourselves and put up proper buildings for our own accommodation. We want Victoria University to come here and spend a quarter of a million dollars in buildings; we want American insurance companies to ornament our streets with half million dollar structures; we are anxious to have anyone who has a dollar to spend, to spend it right here; but if these people who have been so carefully cultivated see us shrinking from a large expenditure on our own

PROPOSED NEW COURT HOUSE AND CITY HALL. *E. J. Lennox, Architect.*

behalf, they may very well feel that we are acting as bunco steerers and are afraid to do that which we are so anxious to have others engage in.

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A significant sign of the times was seen in the stormy meeting of the Separate School Board on last Tuesday night. A clerical and anti clerical party has developed and the young men who were unterrified evince an independence of spirit quite startling. During his lifetime the esteemed Archbishop Lynch, of whom no one can say that his whole soul was not engaged in the work of his church, was able to subdue these ebullitions of a popular desire amongst Roman Catholics to have the Separate Schools reach as high a standard as the Public Schools have reached. Vote by ballot was prevented by his efforts, but the tide can be stemmed but little longer. Roman Catholics, particularly the Irish Roman Catholics of Ontario, thoroughly believe they are competent to look after the educational concerns of their families and insist that the spiritual fathers confine their work to the spiritual realm. I know whereof I speak; the Catholic of Ontario has no desire to be isolated from his Protestant neighbors. He objects to having his children hedged about by artificial barriers; it angers him that the boy whom he designs for the counting-room shall spend his time upon the catechism instead of upon arithmetic. It won't be long, my fair masters, before the whole thing will have reached its legitimate end.

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The great Count Tolstoi, the famous Russian philanthropist, philosopher, and realistic novelist is dead. Of recent years no man outside of America has occupied so great a share of the literary attention of this continent as he who has just passed away. Noble by birth and grand with the noblest instincts of a man his life has been spent toiling among the serfs of his native country in an effort not only to depict with the realism which he loved, the hardships, passions and impulses of the lower classes but at the same time trying to help lift them up to a higher plane. His brilliant writings, so worthy of being read by every man and woman who can read and feel, will live after Peter the Great is forgotten.

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The eleven unidentified victims of the Junction Cut disaster were buried at Hamilton on Tuesday. What an odd thing it is that eleven unidentified bodies being buried should disturb the domestic life of seventy millions of people. I don't mean that every one of the seventy millions will be disturbed, but out of that number there are thousands and tens of thousands who are away from home, who forget to write to mother or wife as they promised, who perhaps have left their wives in anger, who are dissipated and uncertain of friends, many of whom will wonder if they were amongst those whose charred bones were interred on Tuesday. Fugitives will endeavor to have it believed they were among the dead; those who wish that the chasm which separates them from those they once loved should be a veritable tomb will struggle to have it understood that they were on the ill-fated train, missing ones all over the continent, many of whom will return later on, will be thought of as having perished. It is like the old doctrine of election and predestination. If it so happened that when God created the world he permitted one man to come into it who was destined to be damned without any will of his own, every one of the millions who throng this footstool might have reason to suspect that he was to be the one. It is not difficult to believe that if such were the case the millions would trust the matter to luck, but when every man has a chance to be saved, the disturbing element, which one person who was born to be damned would have been, is removed. How small a thing is one life—one soul—and yet how disturbing it could be to the whole world. How few out of eighty millions in North America are eleven, and yet every missing man will be thought of as one of the eleven. Novelists will make their heroes and heroines disappear in that eventful disaster, and as long as we live stories about some one who disappeared will lead up to the death-dealing accident at Junction Cut.

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Mr. Balfour of South Essex has developed into a first-class kicker. South Essex, which by the way is the garden spot of Canada, is not well provided with railways, and the little newspaper man was selected on the understanding that he was to pull the government over to the idea of helping the constituency to develop itself. Hon. Mr. Mowat and his colleagues were so successful, during the session recently closed, in bull dozing the House and riding over everybody's ideas, and so busy demonstrating that they were too solid to have a care for the preferences of any of their supporters, that they threw Mr. Balfour's little railway scheme out into the cold, and he has ever since been trying to get it in out of the drizzly wet by threats of resignation and all sorts of dire calamities. He has worked it well. Deputations have been down, and the anti-Jesuit agitation is so red hot I am told, that South Essex has been given to understand that Mr. Balfour is a much greater man than Mr. Mowat had supposed him. Therefore we may expect to see the subsidy forthcoming. When we see an energetic kick of this sort result so successfully we are led to wonder why the meek and mild gentlemen from the townships are so easily bulldozed and are willing to pose as the hired men of Messrs. Mowat and Fraser whenever these gentlemen see fit to get on their high-horse and make their supporters saw wood or else lose their job.

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It is announced that John J. Tilley, inspector of Model Schools, and Prof. Rayner have been constituted a commission to visit the French schools in Prescott and Russell and report upon how the Hon. G. W. Ross' alleged instructions to teach English are being obeyed. Inspector Tilley is an educationalist of undoubted standing and a man that I believe will tell the truth. For many years he was inspector of schools in West Durham and has been advancing in prominence until he now has a deservedly high standing in this province. True, he is an employe of the Ontario government but those who know the man will not be apt to suspect him of either an anxiety, or even a willingness, to gloss over the truth with any airy romances as to what is really going on in the French schools. Prof. Rayner of Victoria College, speaks English as well as French and is a Methodist. There is no particular reason why he should tell anything but the truth, as he is backed up by a denomination large enough to support him even if his report falls to give satisfaction to the government. I suppose that a number of reporters will be apt to accompany these gentlemen in their tour, and I can't see how they can be very well excluded from the examination of the schools. If representatives of the *Mail*, *Empire*, *World* and *Globe* are on hand to take stenographic reports of the proceedings, and artists to picture the school-houses, and compare them with the ecclesiastical structures near by, we will get a very good idea of how far education has advanced along the Ottawa river. Any effort to exclude reporters from the interviews would be exceedingly unfortunate for Mr. Ross, as it would lead many to suspect him of a desire to obtain an *ex parte* statement. If the reporter speaks French as well as English we shall get a pretty accurate idea of the whole thing, and I am looking forward with interest not only for the report of the Commissioners who are in educational matters such high authorities, but for the statement of fact s from the reporters who will make the trip a memorable one for everybody concerned.

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This commission is intended to block the anti-French game of the Opposition in the Legislature, and it certainly looks as if Mr. Ross intended to straighten the whole matter out before next Parliament, and then the Opposition will have nothing to cry about. There is bad management somewhere in Mr. Meredith's camp, or so good a campaign card should have been reserved until the session before dissolution. As it is I very much fear the gun will be spiked.

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On Yonge street, the other day, as I strolled down, I met a couple of nurse girls, each one wheeling a baby carriage, while a little boy, who was evidently in charge of one of the "nurses," was riding a tricycle and getting in everybody's way—more or less—but causing no offence, for he was a handsome little fellow and well mannered. How those girls jawed him, and yanked those baby carriages around was a sight to see! They were sour-visaged though still young, and I would as soon trust an infant of mine in their charge as I would invite a wild cat to be its playfellow on the green. A mother must be altogether lost to a sense of her duty when she will permit an ugly-tempered and shrill voiced virago to take care of her baby. Both of these girls screamed at that boy till he was frightened out of his wits. Finally they got hold of him and conjointly they gave him a shaking—enough to loosen every bone in his body. How is it that women who are ordinarily such good judges of character have no better sense than to select half-grown girls, who are built after the image of Jezebel, to take care of their children? Either they don't care for the babies or else nurse girls must be scarce. The sun streamed on the faces of the poor innocent youngsters, and altogether, as I saw the babies frying in the perambulators and the boy screamed at and yanked about till he didn't know whether he was alive or dead, it made me feel sorry that all women were not born with the maternal instinct.

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The nurse girl episode recalled a little occurrence of an entirely opposite character I noticed in a street car last winter. It was a bitterly cold night. A young fellow who was apparently a mechanic of some sort had his two-year-old girl with him. He was without an overcoat and there were other indications that his means were limited, but his little girl had a plush jacket on and was togged out regardless of expense. She was slapping his ears whenever he didn't suit her ladyship's convenience, and altogether the tyranny was something frightful, but he was very proud of her, and it was evident to me that she had on not only her own clothes but his. She was so wide-awake that I remarked to him she was apparently not in the habit of going to bed very early. "Oh, no," he said, "she always sits up as long as we do, but she sleeps late in the morning; she gets plenty of sleep." Here are two extremes. That little mite was being spoiled as badly and as rapidly as she could be by a youthful and unselfish father, who was taking a great deal of pleasure out of it, and his self-sacrifice was so tender and so beautiful that it pained me to think his little daughter would be almost certain, if she lived long enough, to abuse it. It is a conundrum which of these two children, the one who was being dragged around by the sour-faced nurse girl or the one indulged by an over-fond father will turn out the better. How is it that parents will never learn the happy medium?

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Coming down Yonge street a month or so ago a little miss seven or eight years old fell down and got herself all over dust. I helped to arrange her apparel and she confidingly took my hand and walked down street, informing me on the way that she knew more about Toronto than I did and that her mother didn't know the names of a dozen streets in the city. Inside of five minutes she told me what her father did for a living, that her ma did her own housework and what they had had for dinner for a week past. I happened to know the people, and as I looked at her young ladyship's elegant clothes, was thoroughly convinced that they could not afford them. She naively informed me that her mother did her own washing, and that her pa sometimes helped her iron. I asked her what she did and she said, "I go to school. I was out to a party last night and wore a lace dress." I thought it was a great pity that the price of that lace dress—which may or may not have been magnificent—had not been devoted to giving her father and mother a holiday from washing and ironing. It is very, very funny how children are being brought up in the pleasant city of Toronto.

DON.

'Tis now the summer of your youth; time has not crept the roses from your cheek, though sorrow long has washed them.

Society.

The past week has been most extraordinarily dull, though it is perhaps not altogether unfortunate as my space has been limited and I would not have had room to have said but little had there been plenty to say. Next week matters promise to brighten up a little.

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The Queen's Own Minstrels drew an immense crowd at the Grand Opera House on Monday night and the boys all had ladies with them and society was indeed well represented. I would have to give a list of a very large section of the city if I endeavored to publish the names. However, all there is to say has been said by Metronome.

*

By the way I saw quite a number of society ladies at the baseball match on Wednesday afternoon. Though the game will never become as popular in fashionable circles as cricket, lacrosse and lawn tennis, there is no reason why an occasional afternoon should not be spent on the ball grounds, for the play is really exciting and entertaining and the arrangements made by the association insure the comfort of the spectators. A friend of mine who was in London the other day said that "all the very nicest people were there," but of course London is not as well provided with amusements as Toronto.

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The engagement is announced of Miss Manning, daughter of ex-Mayor Alex. Manning, and Mr. Hume Blake, son of Hon. Edward Blake.

*

The engagement is announced of Miss Norah E. Langtry, third daughter of Rev. Mr. Langtry of St. Luke's, to Mr. Geo. J. Dibble, accountant of the Norwich Union Insurance Society.

*

Captain Ord and family of Rosedale returned last week from Florida where they spent the winter. The Captain's health has been much benefited by his sojourn in the South.

*

Cards are out for a dinner to be given by his honor the Lieut.-Governor, at Government House on Thursday evening, May 23, in honor of Her Majesty's birthday.

*

Miss Marjorie Campbell has consented to present the prizes at the Upper Canada College games on Friday, May 17.

*

Mr. John Small, M. P., and Mrs. Small left last Monday afternoon for New York *en route* for England, where it is proposed to remain a few months for the benefit of Mrs. Small's health. There were a large number of ladies down to see them off.

*

Mrs. Hirshfelder of Rosedale is giving an At Home this afternoon.

*

Mr. Edin Heward will sail for home on May 11, and may be expected in Toronto about the 22nd.

*

The Queen's Own Rifle minstrel show last Monday night brought out all the beauty and fashion of the town. In the different boxes I noticed Sir Alexander Campbell and Miss Campbell and Mr. Harcourt Vernon, Mr. Beverely Robinson and Miss Robinson, Mr. Steenie Heward, Miss Heward and the Misses Walker of Orillia, Mrs. and Miss Bunting.

Personal.

Last Saturday afternoon Mr. James H. Maclean, city editor of the Toronto *World*, was presented with a handsome marble clock on which was inscribed, "Presented to J. H. Maclean by his fellow employes of the Toronto *World* on the occasion of his marriage." Mr. H. T. Howard delivered the presentation speech to which Mr. Maclean made a felicitous reply.

Mme. Paul Julien, the widow of the celebrated violinist whose name was so deservedly famous in Europe and America, has arrived from New York, to establish herself in Toronto for the spring and summer months. Mme. Julien is an artist of remarkable attainments, a pianist of the best school, an experienced and conscientious teacher of vocal music and piano playing. She is a pupil of the great Prof. Marmontel and of Panseron, whose celebrated method for the training of the voice has long been adopted by the Conservatory of Paris, and also received the flattering endorsement of that most fastidious of critics, the Maestro Rossini.

Trinity Talk.

Mr. H. P. Lowe, '89, represented Trinity at the senior dinner of the students of Victoria University in Cobourg, last night.

*

Mr. V. Price, '91, still continues in a critical condition, pleurisy and malaria being complicated with inflammatory rheumatism. His long illness has caused considerable anxiety among his fellow undergraduates.

*

Mr. Harold Parsons, who recently distinguished himself by winning the first year scholarship at Trinity Medical College, is taking lectures in arts. He is with '91, and is a great acquisition to the eleven.

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Dr. Bourinot's spring lecture on Saturday afternoon was only fairly attended, the audience making up in quality for what they lacked in quantity. The system of lectures more or less open to the general public, that has been established by Trinity this year, is filling an educative function indicative of considerable enterprise on the part of the University.

*

The students are now fairly started on the Easter term, the most delightful part of the college year at Trinity. 'Tis now that the sports flourish in all their fulness. The lawns of wide-stretching green which surround the buildings, are now diversified by the whiteness of the tennis flannels and the brightness of the cricket blazer; and those red and black barred tunics certainly blaze with a prominence that catches the eye at once.

*

Cricket and tennis are in full swing with all the charm of novelty, after a long term of cessation. It is now that the tennis fever seizes upon the freshman, and morning, noon and evening see him on the courts, pounding the air and occasionally the ball, making two-base hits out of court into the recesses of the ravine. The cricket men have been putting in a good week's practice, and Trinity's eleven is going to make things move this season. Already the Trinity man quietly smiles a gentle smirk and muses on the usual victory that he expects to gain over the 'Varsity, muttering the while "Neat," which being interpreted meaneth much. In the rush of cricket and tennis, the less popular baseball has almost been forgotten, although the opening and decisive victory over Wycliffe still lingers pleasantly in the minds of the victors. I hear that a match with St. Michael's College is on the tapis, notwithstanding the formidable reputation that the Saints bear as ball-tossers.

*

The cricket season for Trinity opens this afternoon, when the university eleven will meet the East Torontos. After that matches follow with Rosedale, Toronto, Hamilton and Guelph and the 'Varsity, and then when the exams. are ended in the latter part of June, the Trinity men will take a little tour during which they will play with Trinity School, Port Hope, Royal Military College, and Napanee. The batting and especially the fielding of the eleven will be first class, although the bowling is still undetermined.

ENYX.

Coming Amusements.

A very strong combination has been secured for the grand musical festival which takes place at the Horticultural Pavilion on Friday evening, Saturday afternoon and Saturday evening May 31, and June 1. The engagement

MISS EMMA JUCH.

of Miss Emma Juch, Miss Adele Aus der Ohe, Signor Jules Perotti and other artists, together with an orchestra of forty eminent musicians under the leadership of Carl Zerrohn is a guarantee of the excellence of this concert. The management have reduced the price of seats to $1.00. The subscription list is now open at Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer's. The plan will be open to subscribers on May 20, and to the general public on May 21.

On Thursday afternoon the Pavilion plan for the famous Tennesseeans was opened at Nordheimer's. Toronto has been visited by a good many companies of colored vocalists, but never before by any company of ladies and gentlemen who combine so much native talent with classic culture as do the Tennesseeans. Some of the voices are wonderful. Mr. Thompson, the lion basso, is said to be even superior to F. J. Loudin, who so delighted Toronto audiences some years ago. The company is an eclectic one, having been selected from the Hampton students, the original Fisk University Jubilee Singers and the Tennesseeans, which were organized in 1873. There is little doubt that large audiences will attend these concerts, and that all who hear them will be well pleased.

Young Conservatives' Dinner.

The Young Men's Liberal-Conservative Association of Toronto held their first annual dinner at the Rossin House on Tuesday night, and the affair was a very pleasant one indeed. Mr. J. A. Worrell presided, and on his right sat G. R. R. Cockburn, M.P. for Center Toronto. There were also noticed in attendance Messrs. W. D. McPherson, who occupied the vice-chair, P. W. Ellis, W. J. Nelson, D. T. Symons, J. S. Boddy, James E. Smith, R. Armstrong, John Herbert Beaty, Wm. Morton, Fred. Wright, John Davis, A. A. Dewdney, Wm. Riddell, Crate, James Baird, O. M. Arnold, J. Castell Hopkins, P. H. Bartlett, J. B. Rogers, Dr. J. Ferguson, J. A. Ferguson, George Green, A. Horton, A. G. McLean, F. J. Travers, A. M. Grier, and others.

After doing justice to the good cheer provided for the occasion the usual loyal toasts were proposed and enthusiastically honored. Mr. D. T. Symons then proposed Canada and the Empire, to which Mr. J. Castell Hopkins made an able response. The Parliament of Canada, proposed by J. A. Ferguson, elicited a happy effort from Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, in which he humorously referred to the vote on the Jesuit question. Lieut. W. J. Nelson sang a comic song, after which Mr. P. H. Bartlett in an able speech also responded to the last toast. An excellent comic song by Mr. Fred Wright of Strathroy next set the table in a roar. Mr. J. S. Boddy proposed the Army, Navy and Auxiliary Forces, to which Lieut. Nelson, A. A. Dewdney and Capt. John Herbert Beaty responded. The Agricultural Interests of Canada were ably proposed by Mr. A. G. McLean and responded to by Messrs. P. W. Ellis and Mr. A. Munro Grier, who delivered one of his usual excellent speeches.

Perhaps the most pleasing feature of the affair was the presentation of a beautiful gold-headed cane and an illuminated address to President J. A. Worell. The address was read by Mr. W. D. Macpherson and was highly complimentary to Mr. Worell. "The President and Officers" elicited happy replies from the gentlemen.

Literature and the Press was dealt with by Mr. W. Morton, while Mr. O M. Arnoldi spoke his sweetest on behalf of The Ladies. The party broke up at a late hour, feeling that their first dinner had been a great success.

A Canny Scot.

About eighty or ninety years ago, when the cotton manufacturing trade was in its infancy, several poor Scotchmen settled in Manchester who ultimately became millionaires, and whose descendants are still connected with the city. We were speaking, some time ago, with a very old woman, who knew one of these men in his early struggles. His landlady thought he paid too little for his room, and she was determined to raise his rent from 1s. 6d. to 1s. 3d. per week. This the Scotchman stoutly resisted, and was resolved to pack up his baggage and begone rather than pay a fraction more than 1s. 6d. After gaining his point, he concluded the dispute with this axiom, which ought to be remembered by our young men: "It isn't that I mind muckle for the odd tuppence; but, ye ken, Betty, it's the breaking into a fresh piece o' siller!"

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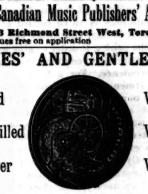

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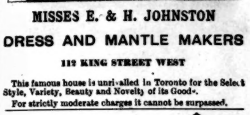

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High Grade Non-Magnetic Swiss & American WATCHES

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Carlotta, called Empress of Mexico.

Why the innocent should suffer for the guilty, is a question to which no mortal has yet rendered a satisfactory answer. We only know that the innocent do suffer the consequences of others' crimes, and most acutely, too, especially women. Probably there is not a reader of this periodical, forty years of age, who cannot point to at least one woman whose life has been embittered, if not spoiled, by faults or errors in the guilt of which she had no share. Probably, too, the majority of the human race are to-day suffering from faults committed before they were born.

The lady who held the post of reader to the Empress Eugenie has described, recently, the melancholy visit to St. Cloud of Carlotta, the wife of Maximilian, who tried to be Emperor of Mexico. When men and money failed him, Maximilian sent his wife to Europe to entreat the kings and emperors there not to abandon him to destruction. This poor Carlotta was an affecting instance of a woman utterly wrecked by the folly and crime of others.

She was married at seventeen to the Archduke of Austria, brother to the Emperor of Austria. As she was the daughter of Leopold, King of Belgium, the ceremony took place at Brussels, in July, 1857, in the presence of a great assembly of the kind of people who figure at the imaginary summits of European society. Her husband, twenty-five years of age, was handsome, not addicted to vices, amiable, and fond of literature. Since his death, his works, in seven volumes, have been published at Vienna, and they serve to show that he was a well-disposed and industrious student.

Soon after their marriage they went to live at the Castle of Miramar, on those beautiful shores of the Adriatic Sea which have been renowned for their pleasantness for two thousand years. As the archduke was a man of large private fortune and admiral of the Austrian fleet, he was enabled to render this abode perfectly enchanting. What lady in Europe seemed to be more secure against misfortune or vicissitude than the Archduchess Maria Carlotta! She and her husband seemed to possess all the solid advantages of rank and wealth, without the responsibilities of power.

Six years of sumptuous and splendid married life passed away in this paradise of Miramar. Then the tempter appeared upon the scene—Louis Napoleon, under the guise of a deputation of Mexicans, who offered Maximilian what they called the Mexican throne. He answered, in substance: "Make me sure, first of all, that I am the free choice of the Mexican people."

In six months they returned and said that, in the disturbed condition of the country, the vote of the whole people could not be taken, but that they had brought with them the invitation of the Mexican legislature, which was sanctioned by the votes of nine or ten municipalities. They added, with vehemence and solemnity, that all classes in Mexico passionately desired him to come and be their emperor. Maximilian declared himself satisfied with these unsupported declarations. His brother, the Emperor of Austria, was satisfied with them; also his father-in-law, Leopold of Belgium. So he signed the document which gave him the title of Emperor of Mexico, and which drove this innocent, ill-starred pair, like another Adam and Eve, from paradise.

The whole proceeding was so obviously fraudulent that we naturally conclude Maximilian must have known it to be such at the time. But probably he did not. Men believe easily what they strongly wish to believe. No doubt he flattered himself that in accepting this crown he had acquired the opportunity to bestow the most solid and lasting benefits upon the people of Mexico, as well as to deal an effective blow at republican institutions. Whatever delusive dreams of this kind he and Carlotta may have entertained, they were soon rudely dispelled. When he entered the capital of Mexico, with Carlotta by his side, in June, 1864, the people were out in great numbers to see the splendid show, but there was scarcely one cheer heard, except from the French soldiers and the persons employed by the new government. This vaunted entry into the capital was a gorgeous and doleful show.

In ten months came news of the surrender of General Lee, which included within it the collapse of the Mexican empire. From that hour the enterprise of Louis Napoleon was doomed, and he did not delay long to make up his mind to abandon it. But Maximilian had something of the pride and obstinacy of his race. He declined to abdicate. He refused to run away from his empire, but sent poor Carlotta across the ocean to plead with the kings and emperors not to leave him there to fight chaos unassisted.

She reached Paris on a warm evening in August, 1866, fatigued with her voyage and her rapid journey. She sent at once to St. Cloud, six miles from Paris, to ask an interview with Louis Napoleon, and he appointed the following day at 2 o'clock. She was but 26 years of age, and though her face betrayed the anxieties she had suffered, she was still a beautiful and elegant woman, tall, of erect carriage, lovely brown eyes, and a pleasing expression of countenance. Even at such a crisis she was obliged to give some thought to her costume, and her attendants had some trouble in procuring for her in time a suitable hat, which had to be extemporized at a fashionable milliner's. She wore a dress of black silk, still marked with the creases of packing, which there had not been time to remove. Over this she had a mantilla of black lace, the only Paris article of attire being a white hat elaborately trimmed.

At the time appointed, two of the imperial carriages conveyed her and her few attendants from her hotel to the palace, and these were followed by the mockery of a mounted escort of guards. Louis Napoleon and Eugenie met her at the foot of the grand staircase, and in a few moments the three were closeted in the cabinet of the empress. The day was extremely hot, and the countenance of Carlotta was flushed from the needless weight of her clothes. It was thought, too, that her mind had already begun to give way under her misfortunes, and what she had to hear that day was not calculated to begin the work of restoration.

The three personages conversed together for the space of two hours. No one knows precisely what passed between them, but Carlotta had been informed that the master of France would not, and could not, send to Mexico another soldier or another dollar. His only advice to Maximilian was to abandon the scheme, and get out of the country as soon as he could. He had already expended about a hundred and fifty million dollars of the money belonging to the French people in the attempt to force a foreign government upon Mexico. Moreover, he had promised Mr. Seward and the American Minister in Paris to withdraw the French troops in the following spring—1867.

To all this she had little to reply except her tears, which flowed freely during the whole interview. The conversation was once interrupted, Carlotta had brought with her two Mexican ladies of honor, who are described by Eugenie's reader as being very ugly, black and little. While the chief personages were shut up together, the ladies of the court endeavored to make themselves agreeable to the strangers, and ordered some refreshments to be brought to them. One of them asked that a glass of orangeade be sent to Carlotta, because she was in the habit of taking orangeade at that hour of the day. The beverage was sent accordingly, and it arrived at a moment when the unhappy woman was torn with emotion. It was with the greatest difficulty and embarrassment that she sipped a little of it from politeness. This incident dwelt long in her troubled mind, and she often said, in an access of delirium, that it was the glass of orangeade that had poisoned her.

The poor lady left the palace wholly unconvinced, and soon made her way to other courts—to that of her brother in Belgium; to the Emperor of Austria; and, finally, to the Pope; always with one object—to induce them to stand by the prince whom they had misled to his ruin.

Her mind gave way so rapidly that she never so much as heard of the execution of her husband a few months later, although he lived long enough to hear of the affliction which made her a maniac.

"Countrymen," said Maximilian to the Mexican people, after his capture, "I came to Mexico with the best intention of insuring the felicity of all and each of us; but, though called and protected by the Emperor of France, Napoleon III., he, to the ridicule of France, has abandoned me in a cowardly and infamous manner, by demand of the United States, after having uselessly spent force and treasure, and shed the blood of her sons and your own."

It is not certain that the farewell proclamation is genuine. But, though clumsily written, this passage sums up correctly the history of the Mexican Empire.—*New York Ledger.*

Easter Greeting.

The reason why fashions in men's dress change so often according to the pronunciamento of one of Toronto's swell tailors is because men soon grow tired of existing styles and yearn for something new. This season's fashions are no better than those of last season and not much better than those of ten years ago insofar as the general aspects of garment structure are concerned; it is not progress and development half so much as novelty and variety that are looked for. As a matter of fact the spring styles, while showing a multitude of minor departures in mere items of detail from those of the past spring and fall, are in all essential respects practically unchanged. The most popular coat will be the three button cutaway or walking coat, while the sack coat will continue to retain its hold upon a large number of admirers. Large plaids and checks are the most fashionable goods to be worn this season, and Henry A. Taylor, the Fashionable West End Tailor, having received his spring importation from the best foreign markets invites your inspection. No. 1 Rossin House Block or 119 King street west, Toronto.

Every day demonstrates the great popularity of Thomas' English Chop House and Ladies' Cafe. Under the management of Keachie & Co. it has become the high class supper room for theater parties, and by far the most popular dining-room for ladies. Indeed it is the only restaurant noticeably patronized by the fair sex.

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TOYS, GAMES, BOOKS, STATIONERY
FANCY GOODS, DOLLS,
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THE BEST PLACE IN THE CITY IS
CUNNINGHAM'S JEWELRY STORE
For Manufacturing New Designs in
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THE PARMELEE ROOFING AND PAVING CO.
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For all kinds of Flat Roofs.
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For Cellar Bottoms, Sidewalks, Breweries, Stables, etc., etc.
Estimates given for all parts of Ontario.
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BEEF IRON AND COCA WINE
FOR MENTAL AND PHYSICAL EXHAUSTION
Has all the well-known properties of Beef, Iron and Wine, with the stimulating effects of Coca. It increases the vigor of the intellect, nerves and muscles; sustains strength in the absence of food; produces healthy sleep, and is not followed by any evil effects. Unequalled in cases of sudden exhaustion.
ADULT DOSE.—One tablespoonful between meals, or when fatigued or exhausted.
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EXCURSION TICKETS AS USUAL
Steamers are now running.
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In the above department we think ourselves safe in assuming that we carry the largest stock and best assortment of FINE GOODS in this city.
SALMON, SARDINES and LOBSTERS—the best brands only. FATI-DI-FOIE-GROS. RUSSISCHER CAVIAR. ANCHOVIES, in oil, etc. Also full line of POTTED MEATS, GAME and SOUPS. From Crosse & Blackwell, Gilmour & Libby, McNeil & Co. PICKLES, SAUCES, CATSUPS and RELISHES of every description from the best producers only.
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FRENCH CLEANING
Evening Dresses, Opera Cloaks, Kid Gloves, Kid Boots, Slippers, &c., beautifully cleaned at the only strictly first-class house in the city.
STOCKWELL, HENDERSON & BLAKE
103 King Street West
Goods sent for and delivered. Telephone 1258.

LUXURIANT GROWTHS OF HAIR

Are seen on the heads of all who use Dr. Dorenwend's
Great German Hair Magic
The equal of this great preparation is yet to be found. It is an unfailing Restorer for Gray Hair. It stops and prevents all Falling Out of the Hair. It Removes all Dandruff and keeps the scalp clean. On Bald Heads (if there are but the faintest traces of roots) the "Magic" will produce a fine growth. Will you try it? or will you let your hair go, and become permanently old? What do you say? All druggists everywhere have it for sale. Ask for it. Do not let the druggist tell you he has "something just a good." See that each bottle bears seal and signature.
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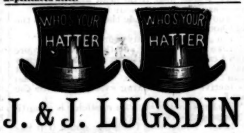
From the leading designers in Paris, London and New York.
Elegant designs in Walking, Dinner and Tea Gowns. Experienced fitter.



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THE LEADING
Hatters and Furriers
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Are now showing in every department a magnificent stock of Spring Novelties, specially in High Class Silks, French Dress Goods, Washing Dress Fabrics, Laces, Embroideries, Parasols, Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves, Dress and Mantle Trimmings, Ornaments, Table Linens, Sheetings, Curtains Furniture Coverings and Upholstery Goods of every description. Only first-class goods, and at popular prices at
W. A. MURRAY & CO.'S
17, 19, 21, 23, 25 and 27 KING STREET EAST, and 12 COLBORNE STREET, TORONTO

JAMES HARRIS & CO.
99 Yonge Street, Toronto
TALLY HO! THERE THEY GO!
We have just received one case each of Ladies' Hunting Caps and Silk Riding Hats, which for Style, Beauty and Durability are unequalled.
GENTLEMEN'S HUNTING CAPS
Our stock of Stiff and Soft Felt Hats, in all the fashionable colors, is unsurpassed. Sole agents for the celebrated Miller Silk and Felt Hats
LADIES WILL NOTE
We Repair, Alter and Store Fur Garments during the Summer Months at Moderate Prices.

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TRY OUR NEW PATENT
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This is the most perfect-fitting and comfortable corset in the market.
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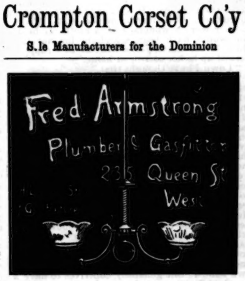

SEE ALEXANDER'S
NEW HATS
The Finest Goods
THE
MOST ARTISTIC SHAPES
Ever Shown in Toronto
Qualities unsurpassed, and prices 25 per cent. less than down town houses.
ALEXANDER
The West End Hatter
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THE MAGIC SCALE
Best system of cutting ladies' and children's garments.
HALL'S BAZAAR DRESS FORMS
For draping dresses. Adjustable to any measure.
MISS CHUBB, 426 1-2 Yonge St.

Special for Next 10 Days
H. S. MORISON & CO.
218 YONGE STREET
HAVE PURCHASED A SHIPMENT OF
Stylish Street Jackets and Spring Wraps
Which, having been stopped in transit and bought at a big discount for cash, will be sold
AT EXCEPTIONALLY LOW PRICES
The above lot contains a choice assortment of JET VISITES, from $3.50 up; BLACK SILK WRAPS, handsomely embroidered with Braid and trimmed with Lace; also BLACK and COLORED STREET JACKETS in great variety. NOTE—A handsome BLACK STREET JACKET (vest front) at $2 50. As well as a fine assortment of
SUMMER SILKS
25 pieces at 50c., worth 75c., 25 pieces at 75c, worth $1.25.
The Success of the Season
Are our Parisian Border and Combination Suitings, Henrietta Cloths, French Printed Delaines and Cashmeres, Trimmings, Girdles, Buttons, Braids, &c., to match.
PRINTS, CHAMBRAYS, SATEENS—All the latest French colorings and effects.
PARASOLS, in every variety of color, design and price.
DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING AN ART WITH US

"THE DAY WILL COME."

BY M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," "The Fatal Three," etc.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

"All the spring time of his love
Is already gone and past."

Theodore went back to wintry London before the year was a week old. He settled himself by his lonely fireside, in the silence of his old-fashioned rooms. All he had of the beauty of this world was a glimpse of the river athwart the heavy gray mists of a December morning, or the lamps on the embankment shining like a string of jewels in the evening dusk. There were days of sullen, hopeless fog, when even these lights were hidden from him, and when it was hard work to keep that stealthy, penetrating greyness and damp cold out of his rooms.

He had brought a fox-terrier from Dorchester on his return from his holiday, an old favorite that had seen the best days of the dog-world, and was better able to put up with a sedentary life, varied only by an occasional run, than a younger animal would have been. This faithful friend, an animated little bean-bag, shared the mature stage of her existence, lightened the burden of his loneliness, were it only by leaping on to his knees twenty times in five minutes, and by desisting therefrom upon most serious remonstrance. It was pleasant to him to have something that loved him, and this irrepressible Miss Nipper, with her sidelong grin of affectionate greeting, and her unconquerable suspicion of rats behind the wainscote. He felt less like Dr. Faustus on that lonely Easter morning, when the emptiness of life and learning came home to the lonely student with such absolutely intensity, when even a devil was welcome who could offer escape from that dull burden of existence.

He had come back from his brief holiday dejected and disheartened. It seemed to him that she who was his load-star was more remote—vanishing into a distant world where it was vain for him to follow. He had failed in the task that she had imposed upon him. He was no nearer the solution of that dark mystery which troubled her life than he had been when he first promised to help her. How poor and impotent a creature he must appear in her eyes. His only discoveries had been negative. All that his training, his trained intellect, sharpened by seven years of legal experience, had been able to do was to prove the unsoundness of her own theory. He had strayed no theory upon his own part. No flash had illumined the obscurity which surrounded Godfrey Carmichael's death.

He went on with his plodding work, resolutely bent upon doing the utmost that patient labor can do to ensure success. Even if were all vain and futile—that hope of winning favor in her eyes—the mere possibility of standing better with her, of showing her that he was of the stuff which goes to the making of distinguished men—even this was worth working for.

"She may have great offers by and by," he told himself, r. calling what Lord Cheriton had said about his daughter's chances. "With her beauty and her expectations, to say nothing of her present success, she is sure to have admirers; but at the worst she cannot look down upon a man who is on the road to success in her father's profession."

This ever-present consideration, joined to his very real love of his calling, sweetened all that was dry and dull in the drudgery of a barrister's career. While other men of his age were spending their evenings at the Gaiety Theatre, seeing the same burlesque and laughing at the same jokes night after night, an appetite grew with what it fed on. Theodore was content to sit in chambers and read law. It was that he was wanting for the appreciation of the drama. There was no man in London better able to enjoy the dignity of Hamlet or the Lyceum, or the Lyceum, or the Gaiety Bluebeard. He was no pedantic piece of clay, proud of the dulness that calls itself virtue. He was only an earnest and dogged worker, but upon a given object, and able to put aside every hindrance upon the road that he was traveling.

"That was run in a race run all, but one obtaineth the prize," he said to himself, recalling a sentence in an epistle that he had learned years ago at his mother's knee, a sentence that always brought back the cold brightness of early spring, and a period of extra church services, long sermons in the lamplit church, and the voices of strange preachers, a time of daffodils and fish dinners, and much talk of High and Low Church. He had never faltered in his religious convictions, yet it was for him his youth that Lenten season in a country town, that recurrent sound of church bells in the chilly March twilight, had weighed heavy upon his soul.

Almost the only recreation which he allowed himself in this winter season was an occasional attendance at Miss Newton's tea parties. He had secured acceptance for himself at these entertainments on the strength of his reading, and he now was established as a Shakespeare reader; Miss Newton having taken it into her head that Shakespeare is of all great poets the easiest understood by the people, and having ordered him to read Shakespeare only until she should tell him to desist.

"I know what they like and what they dislike," she said. "They'll not consider their feelings from me when we talk you over after you've gone. As soon as ever I find them getting tired I'll let you know."

He began with Macbeth, a story which caught them at the very first page. The witches took their breath away; and when he came to the murder scene, they were sitting round him with their hair seemingly on end. He closed his first reading with that awful gaoling scene at the gate; that one scene whose effect which has never yet been paralleled by mortal dramatist. There were some of the girls who tumbled off their chairs and groveled on the floor in their excitement. There were others who wanted to know the fate of Macbeth and his wife on the instant.

"I do hope they were both hung, like the Mannings," said a meek widow.

"Oh, but he wasn't so much to blame, Mrs. Pilby. That wicked woman drove him to it."

"So did Mrs. Manning," argued a Bermondsey lady, "but they hung Manning all the same when they caught him. I was a child when it happened, but I remember hearing about them. He was took in Jersey, and she wore a black satin gown."

"Oh, don't talk about your Mannings, Mrs. Hodge. They were low, vulgar people. These were a King and Queen in a palace. It's all different. It lifts one up of one's own, like only to hear about them. You may read about murders in the newspapers till your eyes begin to swim, but you won't feel like sorry for anybody as I feel for King Macbeth."

Marian sat silent, and refrained from all part in the chorus of criticism, but she moved to the piano presently and began to play a Scotch air—a grand old march—slow, solemn music that was almost too much for the nerves of the more excitable among Miss Newton's party. She glided from one melody to another, and she played those wild Scottish airs with that thrilling power that they seemed to sustain and intensify the uncanny effect of the tragic reading.

Theodore went over to the piano and stood beside her as she played.

"I knew you were a musician," he said, "though I never heard you touch the keys till to-night."

"How did you know?"

"My cousin Juanita told me. She remembered your playing in her mother's room when she was a child."

The woman called Marian lifted her eyes to him with a look of patient reproach, as if she said, "You are cruel to hit anyone so helpless as I am," and then, playing all the time, she answered:

"I do not know what you are talking about."

"Don't you! Oh, but indeed I think you do, and I should not be sorry that it is so. I wish you would let me, for the sake of those old days. I don't think it is possible I can be mistaken, though you may have your own reason for refusing to confide in me."

He was certain now in his own mind that this was Mercy Porter and no other. That fine touch upon the piano implied sustained and careful cultivation. She did not play like a girl who had learnt music as an afterthought. He left the piano when she did, and walked part of the way to Hercules Buildings with her, but did not offer to go out of his way to see her home, being very sure she would refuse.

"I wish you would trust me," he said gently as they walked side by side, without looking at each other. "Believe me that everyone at Cheriton is sorry for you. If you were to go back to the neighborhood you would have everybody's sympathy. There would be no one to cast a stone."

"I am very sorry I ever mentioned Cheriton to you, Mr. Dalbrook," she said impatiently. "It was a foolish impulse that made me talk. You insist upon making Easter gloomy. You try to force a confession from me. It is hardly generous.

"My interest in you must be my excuse."

"You can do me no good by that kind of interest. I shall never see Dorsetshire again—so what can it matter who I was when I lived in that part of the country. There are hundreds of women in London as lonely as I am—hundreds—perhaps thousands—who have broken every link that bound them to the past. Some have had been when he first promised to help her. How poor and impotent a creature he must appear in her eyes. His only discoveries had been negative. All that his training, his trained intellect, sharpened by seven years of legal experience, had been able to do was to prove the unsoundness of her own theory. He had strayed no theory upon his own part. No flash had illumined the obscurity which surrounded Godfrey Carmichael's death.

He went on with his plodding work, resolutely bent upon doing the utmost that patient labor can do to ensure success. Even if were all vain and futile—that hope of winning favor in her eyes—the mere possibility of standing better with her, of showing her that he was of the stuff which goes to the making of distinguished men—even this was worth working for.

"She may have great offers by and by," he told himself, r. calling what Lord Cheriton had said about his daughter's chances. "With her beauty and her expectations, to say nothing of her present success, she is sure to have admirers; but at the worst she cannot look down upon a man who is on the road to success in her father's profession."

This ever-present consideration, joined to his very real love of his calling, sweetened all that was dry and dull in the drudgery of a barrister's career. While other men of his age were spending their evenings at the Gaiety Theatre, seeing the same burlesque and laughing at the same jokes night after night, an appetite grew with what it fed on. Theodore was content to sit in chambers and read law. It was that he was wanting for the appreciation of the drama. There was no man in London better able to enjoy the dignity of Hamlet or the Lyceum, or the Lyceum, or the Gaiety Bluebeard. He was no pedantic piece of clay, proud of the dulness that calls itself virtue. He was only an earnest and dogged worker, but upon a given object, and able to put aside every hindrance upon the road that he was traveling.

"That was run in a race run all, but one obtaineth the prize," he said to himself, recalling a sentence in an epistle that he had learned years ago at his mother's knee, a sentence that always brought back the cold brightness of early spring, and a period of extra church services, long sermons in the lamplit church, and the voices of strange preachers, a time of daffodils and fish dinners, and much talk of High and Low Church. He had never faltered in his religious convictions, yet it was for him his youth that Lenten season in a country town, that recurrent sound of church bells in the chilly March twilight, had weighed heavy upon his soul.

Almost the only recreation which he allowed himself in this winter season was an occasional attendance at Miss Newton's tea parties. He had secured acceptance for himself at these entertainments on the strength of his reading, and he now was established as a Shakespeare reader; Miss Newton having taken it into her head that Shakespeare is of all great poets the easiest understood by the people, and having ordered him to read Shakespeare only until she should tell him to desist.

"I know what they like and what they dislike," she said. "They'll not consider their feelings from me when we talk you over after you've gone. As soon as ever I find them getting tired I'll let you know."

He began with Macbeth, a story which caught them at the very first page. The witches took their breath away; and when he came to the murder scene, they were sitting round him with their hair seemingly on end. He closed his first reading with that awful gaoling scene at the gate; that one scene whose effect which has never yet been paralleled by mortal dramatist. There were some of the girls who tumbled off their chairs and groveled on the floor in their excitement. There were others who wanted to know the fate of Macbeth and his wife on the instant.

"I do hope they were both hung, like the Mannings," said a meek widow.

"Oh, but he wasn't so much to blame, Mrs. Pilby. That wicked woman drove him to it."

"So did Mrs. Manning," argued a Bermondsey lady, "but they hung Manning all the same when they caught him. I was a child when it happened, but I remember hearing about them. He was took in Jersey, and she wore a black satin gown."

"Oh, don't talk about your Mannings, Mrs. Hodge. They were low, vulgar people. These were a King and Queen in a palace. It's all different. It lifts one up of one's own, like only to hear about them. You may read about murders in the newspapers till your eyes begin to swim, but you won't feel like sorry for anybody as I feel for King Macbeth."

Marian sat silent, and refrained from all part in the chorus of criticism, but she moved to the piano presently and began to play a Scotch air—a grand old march—slow, solemn music that was almost too much for the nerves of the more excitable among Miss Newton's party. She glided from one melody to another, and she played those wild Scottish airs with that thrilling power that they seemed to sustain and intensify the uncanny effect of the tragic reading.

Theodore went over to the piano and stood beside her as she played.

"I knew you were a musician," he said, "though I never heard you touch the keys till to-night.

"How did you know?"

"My cousin Juanita told me. She remembered your playing in her mother's room when she was a child."

The woman called Marian lifted her eyes to him with a look of patient reproach, as if she said, "You are cruel to hit anyone so helpless as I am," and then, playing all the time, she answered:

"I do not know what you are talking about."

"Don't you! Oh, but indeed I think you do, and I should not be sorry that it is so. I wish you would let me, for the sake of those old days. I don't think it is possible I can be mistaken, though you may have your own reason for refusing to confide in me."

He was certain now in his own mind that this was Mercy Porter and no other. That fine touch upon the piano implied sustained and careful cultivation. She did not play like a girl who had learnt music as an afterthought.

An Incident in Society.

"How dreadfully awkward for Aunt Decima to come just now!" said Miss Helen Inman, as she sat before the glass brushing out her beautiful blue-black tresses with slow, leisurely strokes, "when the Sydenham Wickfords are here, and mamma is straining every nerve to make a good impression on them."

"But Aunt Decima was grandmamma's sister, and the Sydenham Wickfords are no relations at all," protested Lizzie.

"But they are such charming people," said Helen.

"All the same," declared Lizzie, "I don't see why mamma's aunt should be tucked away in the garret bedroom, and that fat Mrs. Sydenham Wickford and her blowsy daughter and the English maid put into the best rooms."

"That is all you know about the requirements of society," said Helen, somewhat disdainfully. "Aunt Decima will do very well, I dare say. If she don't like it, she can go back to her huckleberry swamps."

Helen was a brilliant brunette, with lovely liquid eyes, a complexion like balsam blooms, and a Cupid's bow of a mouth. Lizzie was an overgrown school-girl of sixteen, who was being kept resolutely in the background until her elder sister's marriage should open to her the gates of society.

Mrs. Inman was one of those hard-working ladies who are forever trying to reach one rung higher of the social ladder. Helen was unquestionably a beauty; and she intended that Helen's good looks should fetch the full market price. For the furthering of this scheme Miss Inman had been taken to Europe, to receive the seal set by foreign travel. And, on the return voyage, they had been fortunate enough to meet the Sydenham Wickfords, coming over to view the untried wilds of America.

Mrs. Sydenham was the niece—or at least she said she was—of Lord Corkindale, and niece of the Baron Brattleberg. Her daughter was

going to write a book about the defunct Indian tribes. Her husband—a little man, with pale hair and eye glasses—was the bearer of dispatches to the British minister.

To all this, Mrs. Inman listened with rapture—and she considered herself highly honored when the Sydenham Wickfords consented to accept her hospitality, instead of going, as had been their original plan, to a hotel.

But all this involved no little expense. Mrs. Inman, although refined, was not rich. The hiring of additional servants, the refurnishing of a good part of the house, the ordering in of dainties from the nearest restaurant, nearly wore out her slender means.

"But they are such charming acquaintances," said Mrs. Inman. "They can't stay very long, because Florinda wishes to visit Dakota and Nebraska before the fall sets in to gather material for her book. And what an advantage it will be for Helen to know them in society this winter."

"Society!" repeated Lizzie, leaning her plump elbows on her mother's dressing-table. "It seems to me, mamma, that society is always demanding sacrifices from us, and never giving anything back."

"You are only a child," said Mrs. Inman. "But to think that Aunt Decima should drop in upon us now, of all times in the world!"

Aunt Decima was a delicate, timid, little old lady, who wore softly-rustling black silks, a string of gold beads around her neck, and caps that Mrs. Inman secretly pronounced to be just the style that Mrs. Methuselah might have worn.

"I am afraid," said she, timidly, "that I have arrived at an inopportune season."

Mrs. Inman and Helen were both silent. Lizzie, whose tendency it always was to take the weaker side, put her arm tenderly around the little old lady's waist, and gave her a hug.

"I'll take you about wherever you want to go, Aunt Decima," said she. "I'm as good as any guide-book, and I delight in shopping."

Aunt Decima smiled gratefully on her little grand-niece; and so it happened that she and Lizzie formed a little clique of their own, while Mrs. Inman and Helen devoted themselves to the Sydenham Wickfords.

"Your housekeeper, I presume—a most respectable looking old person," said Mrs. Sydenham Wickford, nodding towards Aunt Decima; "but a little deaf, I should fawncy. I awked her to see that the maids brought hot water to my room every morning, and she really—ah—acted as if she didn't hear me."

Mrs. Inman turned red.

"We American ladies are our own housekeepers," said she. "Mrs. Everard is my aunt. Aunt Dessie, let me present you to Mrs. Sydenham Wickford."

"Delighted, I am sure," said Mrs. Sydenham, who, being very stout, and very tightly laced up in a flame colored satin dress, was unable to courtesy in reply to Aunt Decima's bow. "And this tall gurl—did I understand that she is your step-daughter?"

"No," smiled Mrs. Inman; "she is my own child."

"Not a particle like our chawming Helen here," said Mrs. Sydenham Wickford. "Ah will you please ring, my sweet Helen, to see what detaiwing Florinda! The dear child is apt to fall into fits of abstraction over her literary labors, and I am quite perishing for my dinner!"

After that Aunt Decima and Lizzie kept out of the drawing room.

"We don't like to be patronized, do we?" said Lizzie, with a laugh. "But it makes me angry to see mamma and Helen wait upon those vulgar English people. Dear Aunt Decima, let us go back to the old farm in Massachusetts. I am sure I should like the country. Mamma and Helen don't need me, and I am sure they wouldn't miss me."

"I am expecting a friend on the next steamer," gently spoke Mrs. Everard. "As soon as she arrives we will all go back home."

"I hope it will be soon," said Lizzie, "for I am sure you must be awfully uncomfortable in that hot attic chamber, where the roof touches your head and there isn't a sign of a carpet on the floor."

Aunt Decima had never before seen her New York relations, but, with olden time notions of hospitality, she had taken it for granted that a warm welcome would be extended to her. And she was more than a little surprised that Mrs. Sydenham Wickford's maid had been assigned a far more comfortable room than herself.

"Perhaps," she told herself, "I am a little behind the times. Perhaps I am expecting too much."

"These country relations are famous for always coming at the wrong time," said Mrs. Inman, with a sigh. "I think, however, I shall soon succeed in freezing Aunt Decima out."

"Mamma is giving a reception to the Sydenham Wickfords to-night," said Lizzie, one evening. "Ever so many nice people are invited. You should see how beautifully the parlors—drawing-rooms, Mrs. Sydenham Wickford calls them—are decorated with flowers. And Mrs. Sydenham Wickford herself has got on a red velvet gown that makes her look as if she were on fire. Florinda is being dressed by the maid now in white. White, like a girl, and she thirty at least! What are you going to wear, Aunt Dessie?"

Mrs. Eve and colored.

"I have only my black silk," said she. "And, besides, I have not been invited to come down stairs."

"Oh, put on the black silk, then!" cried Lizzie. "Of course mamma expects you. I only wish I was out; but I shall peep in through the library door and see it all. There's a cluster of palms there that will hide a half-open door to perfection. Hurry, Aunt Dessie, and I'll do your gray hair up in those lovely puffs I learned yesterday looking in at the hair-dresser's window."

The rooms were all bright with flowers and lights, but none of the guests had yet arrived when Aunt Decima came down stairs, looking as neat and sweet as a fairy godmother. Mrs. Inman was flushed and tired out, in her heliotrope satin, Helen was lovely—pink nulle and apple blossoms. Mrs. Sydenham Wickford's ruby velvet seemed to diffuse a positive atmosphere of heat around her, and Miss Florinda's red face and small blue eyes were emphasized by her white gown. Mr. Sydenham Wickford's evening dress and pumps had struck an attitude near a standard lamp, which he seemed resolved to retain. At that moment the footman (hired for the occasion) flung open the door,

"The Countess of Alchester!" he uttered, in stentorian accents.

Mr. Sydenham Wickford jumped as if he had been shot. Mrs. Sydenham Wickford made an ineffectual grasp at her smelling bottle. Miss Florinda's lower jaw fell, as a tall, handsome old lady, in a gray traveling dress, came into the room, looking with rather surprised eyes around her.

"I was told——" she began. "Goodness me! Wickford! is that you? What on earth brings you here?" (to Mr. Sydenham Wickford, who kept bowing, in a series of jerks, like an automatic toy.)

Before she could utter another word, however, she was clasped in Aunt Decima's arms.

"The friend I was expecting, Mary," said Aunt Decima, to her niece. "She has arrived sooner than I had hoped. Lady Alchester, this is my niece, Mrs. Inman—and Miss Inman, her daughter!"

Mrs. Inman and Helen—tuft-hunters, both of them, by nature and education—bowed low, as if in the presence of majesty.

"And this," said Lady Alchester, whose eagle eye took in the situation at once, as she glanced toward the English guests, "is my late butler, Wickford, and his wife, who was formerly lady's maid to old Mrs. Orion Hunt, and inherited quite a sum through that lady's will! Excuse me, dear Decima, but how on earth came they here?"

Never did a toy balloon collapse with greater suddenness than did the Sydenham Wickfords. The ex butler kept on bowing until he reached the threshold; the former tiring-woman of old Mrs. Orion Hunt muttered something about "her old enemy the neuralgia," and got out of the room as fast as the train of the ruby velvet dress would permit; and Miss Florinda was not long behind her. Of all the group, Aunt Decima and the Countess of Alchester alone were at their ease. While Lizzie, behind the screen of palms and rubber trees, was heartily enjoying the scene.

Nothing more was heard about Lord Corkindale and Baron Brattleberg. The English guests left early the next morning, probably for the far west, certainly with the intent of putting as many miles as possible between themselves and Lady Alchester. And Mrs. Everard took her friend and Lizzie Inman home to Everard Glen as soon as Mrs. Inman would allow them to depart.

"But," cried Helen, wringing her hands, "why did not Aunt Decima tell us she was rich and knew people? Lizzie is the prime favorite now. I've no chance at all."

"The worst of it all, though," said Mrs. Inman, sadly, "is that we have been so dreadfully deceived by those horrid Sydenham Wickfords! What will people say?"

About Baldness and the Hair.

There are numerous symptoms of approaching baldness that give warning to an expert, but most people do not know until the hair actually falls out. All human beings shed their hair at different times, but when the hair continues falling, then there is lack of vitality in the bulbs of the hair. The germ has not a sufficiently healthy action to produce another growth of hair. People who do not understand the treatment of the hair should simply wash the head with warm water and pure Castile soap. The water should be ten degrees lower than blood heat. Castile soap is the best, because it is made of olive oil, and contains very little alkali. This operation should be gone through with at least three times a week for thirty days. In seven cases out of ten this treatment will check the consumption in the blood vessels and in the bulbs. The washing removes all organic matter from the pores of the scalp and helps to allay any inflammation that may be present. Under such circumstances in no case should ammonia or borax be used, although they are often recommended.

The best way to avoid scalp troubles, hair falling out, and premature baldness is to use nothing but clear water on the head. When you go to a barber do not let him put bear's grease, vaseline or similar substances upon your hair. These are more likely to cause trouble than to do good. In cases where dandruff, scald head or any scalp disease appears, soap of good quality should be used in the water with which the head is cleaned. Cold water, followed by gentle rubbing, is exhilarating to the scalp and is usually all the stimulant that the hair needs. Dandruff is an exudation from the pores of the scalp that spreads and dries, forming a scale or scurf. It is caused in nearly all cases by a bad condition of the blood. A person affected with scrofula almost always has dandruff. A frequent use of a fine tooth comb is likely to irritate the scalp, and cause dandruff to appear. In cases of this kind after washing the head, apply a little vaseline to soften the skin. If the hair is falling out, and a stimulant is wanted, rub the scalp with brandy with a little salt in it.

Baldness is due to several causes; heredity is one of them, Members of some families get bald early, while in others the hair remains until old age. Scrofula is a frequent cause of baldness, and illness, particularly fevers, causes baldness. Excessive brain work is responsible for many bald heads, and wearing hats constantly cannot be too often condemned. Whenever I get into a railway car I take off my hat. I don't put on a tight-fitting skull cap either. The hair needs air, and the head to be kept cool. The reason that there are more bald men than women is due to the fact that women wear hats that admit air to the top of the head, while men's hats exclude the air. Baldness among men is undoubtedly increasing, and is due to the fact that men do more head work and take less rest and relaxation now than formerly.

A Dictionary For One.

"What's the show, mister?" asked a Delaware county farmer, viewing the parade.

"Centennial of the inauguration of Washington," replied a resident.

"Centennial, eh! Say, mister, how long ago did it take place?"

To Make Sure.

At the Club—Muttonhedde: Come round next Saturday and dine, unless it should rain.

Smith—But suppose it should rain?

Muttonhedde—Well, then, come the day before.

That Strains the Intellect.

"How glorious it is to be engaged in a purely intellectual occupation!" murmured a young maiden gazing rapturously into the eyes of a country editor; "your own mental faculties for tools, and the whole universe for a workshop. Now tell me," she added, "what do you find the most difficult thing connected with your noble profession?"

"Paying the staff," said the editor.

She Was in Luck.

A little girl, busy in making a pair of worsted slippers, said to a young companion near her, "You're lucky, you are. Your papa has only got one leg."

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Mr. McAlcenan—Bring th' mop-shtick, Jamesey, 'till I poonch it out. Yure father war afther talkin' in his shleep lashti night, an' he gev away where he hid his lasht sayson's shpring ovy coat.—*Judge.*

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The Lost Art of Oratory.

This is an age of much public speaking, but, as everyone admits, there are very few really good speakers. The conditions of modern public life are fatal to oratory, hence we have no Burkes, Chathams or Patrick Henrys in our legislative bodies. In the palmy days of rhetoric there was no *Hansard*, and the speaker addressed himself solely to those within the sound of his voice. There was no "talking to Buncombe," simply because there was no process by which Buncombe could be brought within hearing. Those, moreover, were the days of limited suffrage and rotten boroughs, and a speaker who had the general approval and confidence of the small electorate did not need to trim his sails to catch every passing breeze of popular sentiment. The great charm of oratory is the perfect self-abandonment of the speaker, who forgets for the moment everything but his subject, and allows himself to be carried away by the enthusiasm of the occasion. This the modern political speaker cannot afford to do. He must never forget himself, his party and his constituents for an instant. He cannot throw his whole soul into his subject and speak from his heart. Every word must be well weighed in advance and its effect upon public opinion calculated. An unlucky word or phrase let slip in the heat of the moment to round off a sentence may give his opponents a handle and offend some important class or interest. Many a speaker who has been gradually warming up as he proceeded into something like oratorical power and freedom of utterance, have we heard suddenly stop short, check himself and bring what promised to be a brilliant period to a "lame and impotent conclusion." It was not that his powers suddenly failed him—not at all—it was simply the thought of his constituents digesting his remarks in cold print that recalled him to the danger of permitting his feelings too free expression. The cheap newspaper has killed oratory by multiplying immensely the responsibilities of speakers, who consequently dare no longer address the public without careful premeditation. A speech written or carefully thought out in detail may be a finished and able piece of literary composition—but it is not oratory.

Drifting Apart.

However much it may be regretted, it is probably inevitable that in our present social conditions a large percentage of marriages should be unhappy ones, and that perhaps a still greater proportion, though not total "failures," should fall far short of the ideal union of souls and hearts pictured by poets and rhapsodists. Men and women are so very far from perfect, and the conditions of life tend so surely to increase rather than to modify their natural short-comings that the only cause for surprise is that so many marriages are fairly happy. In those instances where the reverse is the case, it is mostly small faults, trivial difficulties and failures to understand and sympathize with each other's temperaments, rather than grave or heinous misconduct on the part of husband or wife, which causes the trouble.

It is the little rift within the lute
Which by and by will make its music mute,

ings Tennyson in reference to the small beginnings which sunder once loving hearts. It is the want of little courtesies and acts of attention so lavishly bestowed before marriage—the gruff, snappish answer in place of the kindly word—which begat alienation and indifference. In the rush and struggle of business life husbands too often forget that a woman's heart craves for sympathy. The trifling attentions and the outward manifestations of interest and solicitude, which seem such small things to those engrossed in business and politics make a world of difference to the once petted and idolized bride, who finds herself gradually occupying a smaller share of her husband's attention. It is, of course, easy to reply that she ought to be satisfied seeing that her husband is working for her, that the cares and worries of business leave no room for the endearments of the honeymoon. But, it is none the less true, that the more these little displays of affection and consideration for each other, characteristic of the courtship period or the early stage of matrimony, can be kept up until they become habitual, the more likely are any married couple to avoid dissensions and serious causes of unhappiness. It is want of thought rather than any real decrease of affection, which causes a falling off in the mutual courtesy and ready sympathy which the newly married always manifest to each other. And when once the changed demeanor of wife and husband towards each other has become noticeable those of sensitive temperaments are ever ready to infer a loss of affection, and to exaggerate the neglect or the hasty, ill-considered word into a proof of an alienated heart.

Most natures are insolvent; cannot satisfy their own wants; have an ambition out of all proportion to their practical force, and so do lean and beg day and night continually.

Thoughts are the first-born, the blossoms of the soul, the beginning of our strength, whether for good or evil, and they are the greatest evidence for or against a person that can be.

MUSIC

Great was the crush at the Grand on Monday evening when the world of fashion thronged that edifice to hear the maiden effort of the Queen's Own Minstrels. The force in the staff was a most effective one in point of excellence as well as of numbers. First of all, there were ten end men gorgeously arrayed, comprising Messrs. F. Bain, G. Higginbotham, W. Beach, W. Stewart, W. E. Ramsay, C. Ross, C. Bogert, J. Drynan, E. C. Rutherford and E. Arnoldi. These gentlemen all contributed to the jollity of the evening, the drolleries of Messrs. Ramsay, Arnoldi and Rutherford especially being loudly applauded, and their songs as well as that of Mr. Bain affording unlimited amusement. Then at their backs sat the chorus, headed by that stately interlocutor, Mr. W. J. Nelson. The gentlemen comprising the chorus were Messrs. G. Cliff, A. L. James, A. S. Mercer, E. L. Morton, W. H. Meadows, F. Rolph, W. A. Jeffray, W. Batson, A. D. Smith, A. McLean, W. Donaldson, F. Hutchinson, J. McCaul, T. J. Cauldwell, T. Westman, E. S. Cranfield, W. C. Kirk, A. M. Lyons, H. Page, D. Merrick, W. E. Smith, W. C. Newton, G. W. Bailey, J. E. Thompson, J. Pearson, G. Gilbert, C. Holcroft, F. C. Allum, W. Cowan, W. Summerville, R. F. Argles, A. R. Cuthbert, W. Fahey, W. Rowland, H. Gilby, A. F. Legge, F. G. Mingay, H. N. Read, C. Collett, A. Steet, W. J. Arnott, A. S. Savage, F. Ashdown, W. J. Darby, J. Good, G. H. Lundy, A. M. Burns, J. McBoyle, G. Taylor, H. Bromley, W. H. Leacock, C. E. Haight.

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Between the end men were seated the soloists, Messrs. A. M. Gorrie, A. E. Dent, E. J. Lye, C. Bagnley, A. L. Davies and J. A. Macdonald. The opening Soldiers Chorus from Faust was not sung as brilliantly as was the later work of the chorus. Presumably the first appearance of so many gentlemen upon stage has produced a nervousness at first which wore off later on. In the Old Brigade however, the chorus sang splendidly, as well as in the ballads and comic songs, and their training reflected great credit upon the conductor, Mr. E. W. Schuch. They sang with crispness and precision of attack, and with considerable shading, giving specially fine renderings of two soft ballad choruses. Mr. Dent's Some Day I'll Wander Back was sung in excellent style, and Mr. Lye's Day I Long was carefully and expressively rendered. Mr. Davis sang A Soldier and a Man with feeling and martial emphasis, and Mr. Macdonald gave an exceedingly pretty rendering of Who's That a Calling. The duet of the Old Brigade was very well sung by Messrs. Lye and Bagnley.

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Any notice of the performance would be incomplete without mention of the excellent band of the regiment, which shows decided progress under Mr. Bayley. Its playing of the William Tell overture was the best work it has ever done, and in its two subsequent numbers its playing was very fine indeed. A stirring effect was produced by thirteen buglers appearing before the curtain at the commencement of the concert and playing the general salute. The variated drum march by the bugle band was so martial as to make almost everyone in the audience long to be in the fray. The musical sketch of Messrs. Davies and Harper and the ventriloquism of Mr. H. Simpson were successful in the extreme, and the dancing of the young Cunninghams, sons of the popular sergeant-major was worthy of the professional stage. The closing Greatest Force of the 19th Century, aptly deserved its title if the word "force" be taken in its literal sense. The performance will probably be repeated in Montreal on Queen's Birthday. Major Stark of the Victoria Rifles, who was at the concert, spoke in warmest terms of the performance and assured the boys of a thorough success should they decide to give it there. Speaking of repetitions, why should it not be repeated here at popular prices?

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On Tuesday evening the Vocal Society gave its closing concert for this season to a splendid audience. While the society may be said not to have fallen off in the excellence of its singing, it cannot be said to have advanced since its last concert. In fact its best work on Tuesday evening was done in three pieces it had sung at previous concerts: The Cruiskeen Lawn, O Gladsome Light, and When Hands Meet. The first was rendered with more spirit and life than anything yet done by the society; the second was simply exquisitely sung, and the last was tenderly and poetically rendered. Of the other pieces Hatton's Sailors' Song received the best interpretation, after which came Macfarren's Sands of Dee, and Mendelssohn's In Sheltered Vale. The ladies' glee, Sigh no More Ladies, was prettily sung, but lacked certainty of attack. The beautiful Mendelssohn Motett, Why Rage Fiercely the Heathen, received an excellent rendition, when its difficulties are taken into consideration. The effects of full tone and breadth of delivery were not wanting, and a second performance of this number—which I hope will take place—will make it more familiar to the chorus, and with a better double quartette, will render it the strongest piece in the Society's repetoire.

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Generally speaking the singing of the society as to volume and quality of tone was good, except that the tenors—who are so frequently abused that one is loth to disparage such long-suffering singers—were foggy in tone, and in one or two numbers pulled down the pitch. In finish and neatness of execution the society showed most creditably, as it did in the attacks, and as it did with special strength in the light and shade of tonal force, all of which is to Mr. Haslam's credit, much more so than the ordinary concert-goer could ever imagine. I must, however, criticize the uniformity of tempo with which he conducts his choruses, only making a slight change of tempo here and there, with hardly ever an acceleration or retardation elegances, which are as welcome as they are artistic. There is good authority for the clinging to absolutely strict *tempi*, no doubt, but the other course would be decidedly more general.

Mr. Field's piano solos were musicianly and artistic in their rendition. The phrasing was elegant, touch dainty yet firm, and general conception correct and warm in feeling. Miss Laura Webster made a pleasant impression with her violoncello solos, which she played neatly and efficiently, but without any special excellence, beyond those of pretty phrasing and correct intonation. Mlle. Wilson-Osman's singing might well be called miniature, so small is her voice. It gave me the idea of looking through the wrong end of a telescope. Still she sings prettily and correctly, shows good training and is a handsome, stately lady, in fact has nearly every requisite except volume of tone.

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The Philharmonic Society is out with its announcement of a Gilmore Jubilee, in which the celebrated Gilmore's band will take part, assisted by the chorus of the society under Mr. F. H. Torrington. The array of soloists who are to take part is particularly strong, embracing Signor Italo Campanini, the great tenor; Signor Eugene de Danckwardt, the celebrated Swedish tenor; Signorina Clementina de Vere, soprano; Mme. Blanche Stone-Barton, soprano; Miss Helen Dudley Campbell, contralto; Sig. Del Puente, the popular baritone; Mr. Myron W. Whitney, the great basso; and Sig. Ferrari, pianist. There will be two matinees and two evening concerts on Thursday and Friday, June 13 and 14. The popular national airs and artillery accompaniment will not be forgotten.

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The Harmony Club will produce the Pirates of Penzance at the Grand Opera House on Friday and Saturday evenings, May 17 and 18, with a Saturday matinee. The dramatis personæ, which may be seen in their advertisement on another page, embraces much of Toronto's best amateur talent and gives promise of an excellent performance.

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On Monday evening the Italian Society Cristoforo Colombo will give a concert in aid of its benevolent fund. Sig. D'Auria has arranged a fine programme, including Mrs. Clara E. Shilton, Miss Evelyn Severo, Miss H. A. Mills, Mr. E. W. Schuch and Mr. Grant Stewart.

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Mr. Edwin R. Parkhurst, the genial musical and dramatic critic of the *Mail*, sails for England in the Trave, at the end of this month, for a period of well-earned recreation.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

Annie Pixley appeared at the Grand Opera House last week in the Deacon's Daughter on Friday evening, and in her new play, 22, Second Floor, on Saturday. Twenty-two, Second Floor is a play constructed on lines similar to Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors. The comical situations are created by the close resemblance of twin sisters, who are both represented by Miss Pixley. One sister is married to Mr. John Ellis, while the other is a giddy song and dance artist from the London Frivolity. It comes to pass that they both live for a time at the same hotel. This leads to many complications which, though slightly improbable, are very comical, and being very well acted cause laughter galore.

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It is a pleasant play and one very well suited to Annie Pixley's particular style. Miss Pixley is light and bright—sings charmingly and dances daintily as of yore. But that terror of youth and beauty—flesh—is encroaching on her former airy grace and destroying the harmony of form and motion so essential to a successful soubrette. "Nothing suits her like M'liss," said a veteran playgoer on Saturday night, showing thereby that Miss Pixley must now do as many others have done, compete with her own reputation.

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Many who went to see Harbor Lights at the Grand Opera House last Tuesday night were pleasantly surprised to find it a much better show than they had expected. Although much stress was laid on the scenic part of this show in advertisements, the play is not lost sight of, as it too often is in many exhibitions of this kind. It is fairly well constructed, and in many parts cleverly written. Lieut. Kingsley, R. N., comes home from sea to his old sweetheart, Dora Vane, offers her his hand and is accepted. But Miss Vane has some money and is sought after by Frank Moreland, squire of Redcliffe, who has seriously involved his estate by gambling, into which he was led by his cousin, Nicholas Moreland, who had formerly been dismissed from Lieut. Kingsley's ship in disgrace. This dismissal has engendered a hatred between him and the lieutenant. The action of the play hinges on this fact and consists chiefly in the efforts of these men to obtain possession of Dora Vane and disgrace Lieut. Kingsley. Their attempts are unsuccessful, however, and everything ends happily for the gallant lieutenant and his bride.

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Gustavus Levick plays the part of Lieut. Kingsley with much spirit. Mr. Luke Martin as Tom Dossiter, Quartermaster R. N., made a decided hit. The squabbles between him and his prospective mother-in-law, Mrs. Chudleigh, were very amusing. The four ladies in the company take their respective parts well, and, with a few exceptions, the twenty-five people in the cast do good work.

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The announcement elsewhere made that the funniest of American comedians, Sol Smith Russell, is to return to this city next week brings to mind some reminiscences of the old Royal Lyceum Theatre of this city and of the celebrated Berger family of Swiss bell-ringers. This famous family of musicians began their career in this city when Macfarlane was manager of the Royal. The father was a famous organ builder and died in this city. Frederick, Louise, Anna and Henry aged, respectively, 12, 11, 8 and 7 years comprised the orchestra at the Royal, Fred and Anna playing violins, Louise the melodeon and Henry a picolo. The mother of the children was at home nights with the invalid father and two younger children, Henrietta and Bernard, and every night the faithful German *tante*, (aunty), escorted the young orchestra to the theater, going herself into the gallery, where, not having then learned English, she would sit and say over and over in German the ave mariaand pater nosters of her rosary. When the father died Fred organized the Berger Family of Swiss Bellringers, to whom came Sol Smith Russell, then a youth as the rest were. The organization became famous all over the American continent. Louise Berger, the harp player, became Mrs. Sol Smith Russell, and soon after died. Anna became Mrs. Leigh Lynch, and is acknowledged to be the greatest female cornet virtuoso in the world. She is now in London, Eng., having accompanied her husband around the globe, he being the manager of the Spalding ball players who have been playing ball at the pyramids and before the Prince of Wales. Etta, the youngest girl, is the wife of Lloyd Brezee, the Michigan journalist, who now resides at Grand Rapids. She is a splendid vocalist and sang at the Exposition in musical Cincinnati last summer with great success. Bernie the youngest boy is dead. Henry, once manager of the ill-fated American Opera Company, is the proprietor of the Richmond and Norfolk Theaters. Fred. G. Berger and Sol Smith Russell have been together almost continuously since they joined hands twenty years ago. Mr. Berger owns a splendid theater at Grand Rapids, Mich., and Sol Smith Russell, who married a daughter of Oliver Optic (Wm. T. Adams), the charming story teller, is supposed to be worth something like half a million up in his beautiful home at Minneapolis.

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This German Berger Family is a curious instance of the manner in which nationalities get mixed up. When in 1814 Napoleon Bonaparte marched to Moscow, there was with him the Baron de Berger de la Riviere. In the awful retreat from Moscow, memorable for its misery, the Baron fell in with the Bavarian allies, and at the foot of the Bavarian forest hills, in the little town of Bamberg, a short distance from the River Main, from where Nuremberg the ancient stands, this French baron dropped out of the Imperial army and made his home among the Germans. When that people became the foes of the French, he had learned to prefer the rich Bavarian beer to the wines of his native Rhone, and of course his estates were attainted. He married a pretty fraulein, however, and the first son of that alliance was the organ builder of Toronto. Thus the French family, De Berger (pronounced Berzhay) de la Riviere (Shepherd of the River) becomes plain Berger.

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Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and at the Wednesday matinee the inimitable Toronto favorite Sol Smith Russell will be seen at the Grand. As these will undoubtedly be the last performances of the season the quaint comedian will, of course, appear before large and brilliant audiences in his new comedy A Poor Relation. Mr. Russell's admirers may prepare themselves for a surprise as he has made the hit of his life as Noah Vale, the poor relation. The story of the play is a charming one. Noah Vale, the inventor, has a rich relative in the factory line of life and to him he goes to sell his invention. He is hungry, and the rich factory man's daughter goes off to get him something to eat. He faints, and the rich man's partner robs him of the plans of the new invention. This is seen by the daughter's stepmother, who hates the girl, and when Noah recovers and finds his plans lost, the stepmother accuses the girl of stealing them, and, to save her, Noah says that he never had any plans, and quietly goes off to his garret to starve. The wicked partner wants to marry the good girl, but is confronted at the eleventh hour with a wife and two children—the very children that Noah Vale had been caring for. Wicked partner skips to Canada with boodle, but, by some mistake, Noah changes valises with him, and saves the boodle for the firm, while the wicked one begins life in Montreal with a frayed yellow valise, one pair of socks, one collar, one pair of cuffs and a polka dot shirt not quiet so good as new. Vale gets his invention back and marries pretty Dolly, the rich man's daughter. The simplest, best and tendrest scene in the play is between Noah and the two waifs and a neighborly servant girl in the garret of Noah. Rip, the boy, has been sick with the measles, and reposes in a half barrel which does duty for a cradle, and is wrapped in Noah's overcoat. Patch has been out hunting fuel, for the weather is very cold, only to find when she comes back that there is no stove in which to make a fire. The janitor comes in for his rent, and, finding Patch asleep, puts a nickel in her hand and steals out. Poor Vale creeps home, having toiled up and down stairs all day trying to sell The Rise and Fall of Rome in eight volumes on subscription. Patch is wakened by discovered, devoted to the purchase of bread, and then the children clamor for amusement, and Vale sits down to tell them fairy stories about pie and cake, and beefsteak and pudding—pudding with two kinds of sauce.

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Jos. J. Dowling and Sadie Hasson have been working Nobody's Claim at the Toronto Opera House this week and judging from the audience I saw there the other evening, I do not think it "panned out" very well. It is not to be marvelled that nobody claims it for it appears to be an incoherent mass of the poorest kind of rubbish without a vein or a grain of anything more valuable in its composition. The villain is the traditional Mexican with a sombrero covering his flowing locks, short gold-braided velvet jacket, plenty of sash and trousers and wearing the desperate look of a strong man suffering from indigestion. The hero is a bold, dashing, handsome scion of the noble house of Devereaux, whose eagle eye sees everything and who adds spice to the performance by jerking out a gun occasionally, and pointing it at the villain, all the while looking up into the flies with a Mephistophelian smile on his poetic countenance and murmuring, "Naow-yew-don't!" The glory of this part falls to Mr. Joseph J. Dowling. Madge, represented by Miss Sadie Hasson, is a maiden of the rough diamond variety, who wears holes in her stockings, unlaced and dilapidated shoes and a slouch hat. She says "mph" when she does not hear, chews gum and "don't care shucks" for sisterly kisses. When the tragedy of the play thickens too much for even the gory gods she dilutes it with a song. These two, with an American Irishman and a nigger, are the principal characters.

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I think Mr. Dowling and Miss Hasson might get a better play in which to show their ability, but the rest of the company are in their proper sphere.

Womanhood.

Republished by request.

From childhood into girlhood,
But still the skies are fair;
Then girlhood grows to womanhood
And carelessness to care;
And spots are on the summer sun
And shadows everywhere.

Too laugh is just as ready,
The smile is just as sweet,
The cadence of the ripened voice
Is harmony complete;
But in the steady, serious eyes
Both joy and sorrow meet.

The glitter of the sunlight
Upon the dancing waves,
The wild rush of the waters
Within their ocean caves;
These do the little children see,
But not the hidden graves!

The sunshine has its shadow;
The waters have their moan,
And all things in creation
Are fashioned to a groan;
The children hear the melody,
But not the undertone!

And this is God's provision—
How wise we surely know!
For little brains and bodies
Must wiser, stronger grow
Ere they can bear the common lot:
Man's heritage of woe.

From girlhood into womanhood,
From dreamland into life;
From visions to realities,
From idleness to strife;
From planning, to a woman's lot
As mother, maid or wife.

The years have taught their lessons,
Nor taught it all in vain;
The minor key of sorrow
Is heard in every strain;
And many a careless laugh is read
As hiding bitter pain.

But e'en as pain is keener
And shade is darkier cast,
So is the sun more welcome
When once the storm is past,
And every joy is dearer held
Because it may not last.

For those same years that quickened
The shrinking nerves of pain
Made joy a deeper passion,
And needs it to explain?
For is it not one heart that bears,
Or w lcomes loss or gain?

The children's hearts are happy
Because devoid of care;
A woman's heart sings o'er the joy
With reverence guarded there;
And negative with positive
Can surely not compare!

The children's joys are prattled
To all, both young and old,
With joyous interjections, and
Dilations manifold;
A woman's joy is far too dear,
Too sacred to be told!

Aye, childhood has its pleasures,
Pure, shadowless and free;
Girlhood its possibilities
Of all that is to be;
But womanhood must pluck the fruit
For ripe maturity!

Then leave to youth its freedom—
For surely that is blest!
Leave maidenhood its visions,
Its plannings uncontest;
But woman's is the noblest lot,
And woman's life is best!

ESPERANCE.

Where None Had Been.

For Saturday Night.

Long leagues into the wilderness
Of rugged grandeur and soundless space,
Save where Superior's billows fell
With a booming crash on the dripping face
Of rock-shelf, boulder, and sodden sand
On the wondrous coast of that lone North land.

Man's restless feet ne'er wandered there,
Naught but the bear, and lynx, and deer
Crushed the mosses, or stooped to drink
At the storm-filled rock-pools fresh and clear—
It was one of Nature's neglected shrines
Lost 'mid the gloomy wall of pines.

Leagues stretched behind in a long array;
Leagues after leagues unknown before,
No hardy settler had ventured there
To hew his home on that lonely shore;
And majesty in its grandeur mood
O'ermastred the awful solitude.

'Twas but a frantic freak perhaps,
But I thought just to turn a verse or so,
Fathered where man had never been,
Written where man might never go;
If e'en but a trifle 'twould be a child
To claim for its home that unknown wild.

Thoughts came swift on the passing breeze,
The ebb of waves and the sigh of pine;
Smoothly the stanzas ran, and grew
Till they wanted only the crowning line
To show the flash of the e'ening sun
And gleam with the sun set's brightest gold.

I could not find it! Nymph of spring,
Sprite of mountain and elf of dell,
Help the first pilgrim to your shrine,
Round me my measure true and well,
That the first foot to pass this way,
May leave a print for a later day!

Prayer more earnest was never breathed,
And when was an earnest prayer in vain?
Lo! on a birch's smooth bark
Bold and clear in its darkened stain,
By my life the spirits had sent the line!

GUS L. PERKINS—MARY BETTS, AUGUST 13, '89.

ED. W. SANDYS.

The Ideal and the Real.

"Only a lock of golden hair,"
The lover sighed. "Perchance to-night
It foreseth on her pillow rare,
A halo bright."

"Only a lock of golden hair,"
The maiden, smiling sweetly, said,
As she laid it over the back of a chair,
And went to bed.

Noted People.

Princess Sophia of Prussia is to marry the Crown Prince of Greece in the autumn.

Jean Ingelow writes in her conservatory, with flowers to the right and flowers to the left.

The Emperor of Austria has paid the late Crown Prince's debts, which amounted to £480,000.

It is interesting to learn that Mrs. Cleveland and Amelie Rives both conclude their private correspondence with the brief "Cordially."

Ex-President Cleveland walks down to his office in New York every morning and is seldom recognised on the streets. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Mark Twain is preparing to publish a new book. The title, A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur, indicates something of the quaint and fantastic fun it promises.

The Queen of Roumania, Carmen Sylva, has accepted the presidency of the new women's library shortly to be opened in Paris. This collection is to be composed exclusively of works by female authors.

Mr. Gladstone takes refuge in shops when he is caught by the admiring crowd. Mr. Irving is wiser. He never walks, he rides. Miss Ellen Terry may sometimes be seen tripping daintily along the Strand towards the stage door of the Lyceum.

Miss Pauncefote, the daughter of Lord Sackville's successor as British Minister to the United States, is a beautiful young woman of twenty-five. She is said to possess more English reserve than Lord Sackville's daughters, but is a good talker, a graceful dancer, and popular wherever she goes.

Amelia B. Edwards, LL.D., who is now called on to live up to the reputation of being the most learned woman in the world, is the first woman ever invited to lecture before the Peabody Institute in Baltimore. She is to give six lectures on Egyptian exploration and Greco-Egyptian art there next December.

The last time Sir John Millais had what is known as a "show Sunday," writes the London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, some 3,000 persons swarmed into his house, and it is said he lost £30 worth of plate. So he has given up show Sundays, and admits his friends only to his studio by invitation and on weekdays.

What a brick King Christian of Denmark is! As soon as he heard that the Danmark's passengers were saved, without waiting to put on his crown he drove to the house of the lost steamer's surgeon to tell the distracted wife that her husband was safe. And to show still further what a fine fellow he is, the king will decorate the hero who rescued the 700 people.

Mrs. Logan, the widow of General John A. Logan, purposes establishing a home in Chicago where young girls may be sent after they have finished school to serve a term under a skilled housewife, and be taught all the accomplishments which the manager of a household should possess. This is a German custom and Mrs. Logan is now making a thorough study of it in that country.

Millionaire Mackay firmly believes that money makes the man, and when asked once at Nice by an Austrian, whom he thought to be the greatest American that ever had lived, replied unhesitatingly, and with the greatest naivete: "If you mean for brains, I should say Jay Gould; but if you mean money, I suppose Vanderbilt!" Washington, Webster, Emerson, Longfellow, and Lowell were not in the running at all!

It is said that the three rings which Queen Victoria prizes the most highly are; First of all, her wedding ring, which she has never taken off; then a small enamel ring, with a tiny diamond in the center, which the prince consort gave her at the age of 16; and an emerald serpent, which he gave her as an engagement ring. For many years after the prince consort's death her majesty slept with these rings on her fingers, only taking them off to wash her hands, as the water would, of course, spoil the enamel.

Mr. Walter Besant gives the following good rules for young writers to practice: "Practice writing something original every day. Cultivate the habit of observation. Work regularly at certain hours. Read no rubbish. Aim at the formation of style. Endeavor to be dramatic. A great element of dramatic skill is selection. Avoid the sin of writing about a character taken from life. Never attempt to describe any kind of life except that with which you are familiar. Learn as much as you can about men and women.

A fortnightly periodical bearing the title *La Jeune Fille* was started in November last, and bids fair to become widely popular. It is edited by the Queen of the Belgians, and its object is to instruct young ladies in literature, art, and domestic duties. The Queen is chiefly assisted by her daughter, Princess Clementine, who signs herself Marta d'Orey. Her Royal Highness brings to her task all the energy of a professional journalist. She writes herself the articles on art and literature. The dramatic criticisms are written by Queen Marie Henriette, who displays uncommon ability in the treatment of theatrical subjects. Each number contains moreover a piece of poetry signed Carmen Sylva, the *nom de plume* of the Queen of Roumania. The Archduchesses Stephanie and Valerie of Austria are also regular contributors to the new magazine.

Many anecdotes are told of the memory of M. Chevreul, the great French chemist, who died a few weeks ago at the age of 103. Last summer, when his age had passed the century by at least two years, he was walking in the Botanical Gardens, of which he was a director, when he stopped to inspect a tree growing on the edge of the lawn. An attendant, recognizing him, hurried up with a chair. "Take it away," he exclaimed in simulated annoyance, "you must think I'm an old man." Recently his son died. Great care was exercised in breaking the news, but it came for all that like a great shock. "Alas!" sighed the father, with perfect truth and sincerity, but with a humor which would have been irresistibly comic, but for its pathos, "I knew I should never bring up that youngster." The youngster, by the way, was just eighty-two!

A Summer's Fitting.

There is a season of sorrow in store for the Pater, and right well that sorely abused individual knows it. The winter campaign is over, and though he squirmed a bit and grunted, maybe, over the bills for panoply of war for Mater and the girls, those necessary expenses were mere trifles to what is coming. The Kirmess was no joke either, but then it was in the blessed cause of charity, and "his lot" did look well he was bound to confess, so it didn't matter much; but this summer business is quite another thing—it fairly haunts the Pater day and night, and when the choir sounded that magnificent The Sea is His and He made It last Sunday, Pater fairly started, and furtively wished that it had been made cheaper. Mountains do come a little high, but we must have 'em, and if the sea is a little but rough on Dad, think of the swells (Dad thinks of the breakers) to be seen and met and the time we will have to be sure. The Pater's anguish will surely end just this way, as it has done for three seasons past. Precisely at the proper moment the Mater—oh! those wonderful Maters, we wouldn't be here at all but for them—will step into the breach in the cause of her girls, and when she's through talking Pater will not only be willing to take the whole outfit seaward, but he'll be just as keen as any of them, and, what's more, believe that he first thought of it and planned the whole thing. That's a way they have about 'em, these Maters—

"What is home without a mother,
Sheol, till you get another,"

and so on in poetry but not in practice. However, that's not the question, and we will leave it for a more important topic.

"Where are you going this season, anyway? Same old route—why don't you try something new?"

I know a little town, that sleeps like a tired child, halfway up a grand easy-rolling hill; an embodiment of rest, a perfect reverie of a place, with all the advantages of the fashionable beach resorts, many delightful features unknown to the others, and none of their drawbacks. It is, moreover, easily reached and within easy distance of, and with direct communication for, all the fashionable resorts of the Maine seaboard, Mount Desert, Bar Harbor, Old Orchard, Portland, etc, and, mind you, its fame is spreading rapidly and this season will see a goodly gathering of fashionables there, for it is the most desirable spot on the eastern coast. The place in question is St. Andrews, New Brunswick, and why it will presently be a very popular resort will be shown by a brief glance at its history and attractions. Away back in 1832 St. Andrews, then a mere hamlet, made great preparations to welcome the completion of the St. Lawrence and Quebec Air Line Railway. She was to be the terminal point, her fine harbor was to be utilized as it deserved to be, Pat St. Aubrey Bay, which is seventeen miles long, by about six wide, and an idea of its beauty may be gleaned from the fact that it is generally compared to the Bay of Naples. The peninsula rises by a gradual slope and two thousand feet from high water mark, at the town the elevation is one hundred and fifty feet, behind the town the hills continue for two miles, rising to the height of two hundred and fifty feet, and forming an amphitheater of rare beauty. From the heights an exceedingly attractive view is offered of the St. Croix, the island studded bay, the mountainous islands guarding the entrance, the coast of Maine, the Bay of Fundy, and beyond, all the broad Atlantic. It is indeed a pleasing picture, and in addition it may be mentioned that excellent roads offer every facility for driving; the bay affords delightful sailing and boating; good salt and fresh water fishing can be had within half an hour's sail or drive, and these are quite enough to explain why the place is so well worthy a visit.

But there is another reason, and perhaps one of the strangest, St. Andrews in entirely free from malaria and mosquitoes. From the far-reaching forests close at hand comes a breath of wondrous healing and many a hay-fever stricken patient has left the place amazingly benefitted. This balsam laden breeze alternating with the living breath of the sea, can work marvels in a brief time, it is as near a cure-all as can be found, and is, perhaps, the real secret of the fame of St. Andrews. There are quite a number of handsome summer residences there, and on the hills are sites for cottages that cannot be surpassed—one of them has been secured by Sir Donald A. Smith—and it is quite reasonable to suppose that in brief time all the highlands will be dotted with buildings. I like the place amazingly, and so does everyone who has visited it. In itself it is old and dreamy and quaintly picturesque with its now well-nigh useless warehouses and crazy docks, apparently destined to rot and fall in sheer idleness. There is no air of commercial bustle, no rapid life, except the white-winged gull wheeling above the lovely bay—in fact the picture might well have come from a master-hand and bear the legend "Peace"—for it presents the embodiment of rest. The cold gray fogs of Fundy that drive like sheeted ghosts up that magnificent harbor never penetrate to Passamaquoddy, for they and the heavy surges drift and thunder in vain against the chain of mountanous islands that guard the approaches from seaward to the quiet haven. On the Maine side are Calais and the resort of Eastport, and a short distance out to sea are Campobello and Grand Manan, both powerful magnets in attracting summer travel. There is also ample accommodation for visitors; the great new Algonquin hotel is a model of its kind, and there are several others and many boarding houses. Sail-boats with competent men, skiffs and vehicles, can be hired on the spot, and a cruise around the bay, or a dip in its quiet waters, varied by fishing trips or excursions by steamers plying along the coast, furnish ample and varied amusement. St. Andrews is reached direct by rail from Montreal, Boston, Portland and St. John, N. B., and also by steamer from the principal coast ports, and for a surety there will be an extensive pilgrimage thither this season. Bar accidents, a gap in the line will be filled with something of my exact dimensions, for the Schoodic lakes, and some other rare good trout waters are within comfortable distance, from which I propose yanking fish a few days, if all goeth well, and will make St. Andrews my headquarters—e'en though it is a *water*-ing place. ED. W. SANDYS.

Mr. Walter Crane's Map of Great Britain and Ireland.

The Fatal Tree.

Poetic legends say the aspen was the tree on which Jesus of Nazareth was crucified, and that it has ever since shuddered with the inherited memory of the anguish it upbore. The legend says of the crucifiers:

"They plunged into the forest long,
Which felt the coming agony,
And through the depths sent up the groan,
'Oh, which shall be the accursed tree!'

"The great oak quivered to its heart,
And shot its sap-root deeper down,
And qualled as though the lightning's dart
Had rent in twain its kingly crown.

"The sweet mimosa closed each leaf
At the approach of those dark hands,
Shrinking, with tender pain and grief,
From touch of those stern, murderous hands.

"And low the willow's limbs were trailed,
Down p'one in abject misery,
As through each vibrant leaf it wailed,
'Oh, choose not me—oh, choose not me!'

"Then first the strong pine breathed its moan,
Which its descendants still prolong—
A weird, remitless monotone,
Like to sad Rachel's wailing song.

"Still through the trembling wood they trod,
And paused beside the aspen-tree,
It pleaded: 'Must I bear my God—
Oh, must I feel His agony?'

"Then quivered every leaf with shame—
An agonizing, ceaseless thrill—
Ages have fled, yet 'tis the same—
The awe-struck leaves are trembling still."

An Evening at St. Joseph's.

On Friday, May 3, at 5.30 p.m., the spacious and beautiful Distribution Hall of St. Joseph's Academy presented a charming aspect as the young lady pupils appeared on the stage to extend a most cordial welcome to their guests, the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Bishop of London, and the Right Rev. Dr. Cleary, Bishop of Kingston. Besides these distinguished prelates, there were present as invited guests, Rev. Fathers Rooney and Laurent, administrators of the diocese; Rev. Father Henninz, superior of the Redemptorists; Rev. Father Cushing, superior of St. Michael's College; Rev. Father Flannery, as well as representatives of the clergy of the dioceses of Kingston, London, Ottawa and Toronto.

The programme prepared for the occasion was well arranged, brilliant and interesting. The opening chorus, entitled Welcome to St. Joseph's, was exceptionally well rendered, the pure and well trained voices blending harmoniously and bringing out all the shades of feeling. An instrumental duett followed on harp and pianos, the execution of which was almost faultless. The great musical event of the evening was the Fantasie de Concert, arranged for two pianos; and the auditory listened entranced to the wonderful harmonies as they were brought out by the pianistes. The little ones, too, contributed their part in making the evening an enjoyable one. They delighted all by the manner in which they went through the exercises of a wand drill. Everybody will know how to appreciate the patient toil which must have been required to bring young and thoughtless children to this standard of perfection. They also sang a Welcome to Spring-time, in which they extolled particularly the beauty of the daisy. A better selection could not have been made, as each of them in her pretty white and pink costume seemed a personification of the wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower, which has always been regarded as the symbol of childish innocence. A young lady gave a recitation, St. Zita, which elicited well deserved applause, and was followed by a vocal trio, with harp accompaniment—one of those sad, yet sweet, old Irish melodies which awaken a sympathetic chord in every heart. After this, one of the young ladies stepped forward to read the pupils' address, in which they gave expression to the many good wishes they had formed for the future happiness of their reverend guests. After the reading of the address, two pretty and attractive children presented their lordships with bouquets of the choicest flowers, and the entertainment closed with a grand chorus of one hundred and fifty voices.

His Lordship, Bishop Walsh of London, on behalf of all present, returned sincere thanks to the ladies in charge for their thoughtful kindness in preparing such an intellectual feast for their guests.

At the venerable bishop's request, Right Rev. Dr. Cleary addressed the pupils. As yet, his lordship said, they had seen naught of the world, but in after years, when they had taken their rank in its "broad field of battle," it would be one of their sweetest consolations to snatch a few moments from the harassing cares of life to reflect with pleasure on their happy, joyous school days. Their vocal and instrumental music the right rev. father pronounced beautiful, but what pleased him most, he said, was the regular discipline, the modest bearing and the graceful demeanor displayed throughout. His lordship concluded his discourse by soliciting the Mother Superior to grant the pupils an "immense holiday," which request being granted the reverend guests withdrew.

A Doubting Thomas.

We had been in New Bedford ten or twelve days, and had selected our particular sea captain and listened to half a dozen of his yarns without betraying the slightest evidence of doubt of any statement, when a stranger from the far West arrived and rather forced his presence upon our coterie. We were on the back veranda of the hotel, five or six of us and the old whaler, and the latter had just started in on a story, when the Westerner came out of the smoking room and drew up a chair.

"Now, go ahead, captain," he brusquely observed, as he lighted a fresh cigar.

"Well, gen'l," began the captain, after an uneasy look around, "I was going to tell you about a whale as——"

"What species of whale?" interrupted the stranger. "There are several species, you know, and you had better designate."

"A right whale, sir."

"Oh! That's all right; go ahead."

"We were lying to and drifting while trying out a fish captured the day before, and the wind was from——"

"Was this on Lake E-ie or the Atlantic Ocean?" put in the stranger.

"On the Atlantic, of course."

"Then I am with you. I didn't know but you were whaling on the lakes. Better locate the spot a little closer, however."

"It was off the coast of Brazil," replied the captain in an indignant voice.

"That will do, but it is a long coast. Go ahead, and never mind which way the wind blew."

"We were drifting, as I said," continued the captain, as he swallowed a lump in his throat, "when the man at the masthead called——"

"Excuse me, captain," interrupted the stranger, "but if all hands were trying out why did you have a lookout at the masthead?"

"Let him go on!" called two or three voices.

"Oh, certainly, but he must be sure of his facts. Go on, captain, you had a man at the masthead, where he didn't belong at the time, but perhaps you managed things that way. He suddenly sighted a whale, didn't he?"

The captain would have retired, but we looked at him so appealingly that he decided to make one more effort.

"The lookout hailed the deck and said that a large whale was bearing down on our starboard broadside," he said, after two or three swallows. "I at once leaped——"

"Say, captain," softly inquired the stranger, "was the lookout a man of veracity?"

"Of course he was!"

"All right, then; but I have known lookouts who would lie like a trotting horse about whales. Go on. You were going to say that you leaped overboard. What happened then?"

"Gentlemen, I can't stand this," protested the captain, as he rose up.

"What's the matter?" asked the stranger.

"You seem to doubt my word, sir."

"Lands alive! but how did you get that idea! On the contrary, I have the most entire faith in what you say. But the way, captain, what year, month, and day of the week was this? What was the name of your ship? Are any of the crew willing to go before a magistrate and make affidavit? I should also like——

But the captain had turned his back and walked away, and our pleasant old liar never returned to us. He had been smothered by the stranger, and we had to hunt up and listen to the yarns of a mate, who couldn't tell a yarn without his face giving him away every time he pulled a leg of truth out of joint.—*New York Sun.*

Scene in the South.

Darkey (to recent arrival)—Want any algs?
Stranger—How do you sell them?
Darkey—Nine-pence a dozen.
Stranger—How much is a nine-pence?
Darkey—Ni'-p'nce! Why, ni'-pence is a levy.
Stranger—Might I ask what is a levy?
Darkey—Well, you mout, but if you ain't never had no money at yo' age, 'taint much use in telling you.
Stranger—Oh, I have had some money at different times, but not of those denominations.
Darkey—Jes so. Dunno as dey is nominations, but two levys make a quartah.
Stranger—Oh! Well, I did not know that.
Darkey—Dat may be, but it's a fac', anyway.
Stranger—Well, give me four dozen.
Darkey (driving off after getting money)—Nex' time I meet such ig'nunce I'll say two dozen for a qua'tah of a dollar.—*Texas Siftings.*

Blue Monday.

Wiggins (who has got outside the bulk of his week's salary, entering Third avenue table d'hote)—Hello, Starvely! what have you today—greens?

Starvely (same circumstances; jabbing his fork into the spinach)—Nop; blues.

At West Point.

Cadet Mars (soon to graduate)—Miss Lightfoot—Arabella—could you ever consent to leave the luxuries of your New York home to go far, far away to the West and share a soldier's sterner lot—to be his guardian angel—to make his home a heaven?

Miss Lightfoot (with drooping lashes and crimsoning cheeks)—Yes, George, I think I could.

Cadet Mars—Well—a—well, my room-mate, Sam Johnson, is going into the Cavalry. I'll speak to him about it.—*New York Life.*

Lord Elwyn's Daughter

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CHAPTER VII.

Breakfast at Clortell Towers was apt to be a somewhat depressing meal. Everybody ate in separate and gloomy seclusion, buried in his or her private occupations. On the morning after Kathleen's nocturnal adventures in the kitchen-garden this seemed to be even more the order of things than usual. Everybody was at the table save Sir Adrian, who never came down to breakfast until long after everybody else had finished and gone away. Lord Elwyn was completely hidden behind the sheets of the *Times*, which were propped up against a silver dish before him, and, waited upon by his valet, devoured sundry things behind it in actual concealment. Lady Elwyn, at the opposite end of the long table, opened one after another of a pile of letters which lay beside her teacup, reading some and laying down others inread for future consideration, nibbling the while at a piece of toast, or trifling, without looking at it, with a daintily-disguised compound of eggs and ham upon her plate. The upper-footman, standing behind her chair, waited upon her with unremitting attention. The under-footman's place was behind Miss Maitland, who also had her correspondence—shoals of letters and notes in gold monogrammed envelopes, and very often tiny boxes from jewelers with presents or purchases sent from town to her. Simpkins hovered about at the long sideboard behind, where he poured out the tea and coffee and dispensed the hot delicacies to each member of the family as they were required.

Kathleen alone had no attendant servitor to minister specially to her wants, and never had any correspondence to occupy her thoughts. She used to look about from one to another and wonder at the dulness of it all—how different from the jolly breakfast-hour at the Farm, with good Mrs. Dobson pouring out the tea for everybody and the farmer helping the steaming fried bacon and eggs fresh from the fire! There everybody talked and laughed and nobody read the newspapers, and a letter—if one chanced to arrive—was handed round the table as a natural curiosity. At Clortell Kathleen had nothing to do but to eat and to look at other people, and to wonder where all the letters came from, and how in the world there were so many people to write to, and what they could have to do than to indite those long close-written pages to Lady Elwyn and to her niece.

On this morning Kathleen could not help remarking that Lucille received a very pretty bangle in a jeweler's velvet case, and that there was a little diamond heart hanging from it—that she peeped at it almost surreptitiously, and then quietly shut up the case again, after which she covered it over carelessly with some other letters and with the pages of a weekly illustrated magazine, as if she did not want to be noticed. Also, there was one of her letters which made her blush a great deal while she was reading it, and which she crumpled up and thrust into her pocket as soon as she had finished it. Kathleen noticed all this without understanding in the very least what was the meaning of it.

Then Lady Elwyn made a remark. As nobody spoke at breakfast, the sharp voice rang out, sounded like a pistol-shot through the silence of the room.

"The Colonel is coming down next week, Edward," said her ladyship, addressing her husband.

"Oh, that's all right!" replied her lord, lowering his paper for half a second. "Which day does he come?"

"On Tuesday; he will come again later for the shooting, he says, but he wishes to talk over the party with you and to settle about the dogs and keepers."

Lord Elwyn uttered a grunt, not altogether of satisfaction, and returned to his newspaper.

The colonel was a person whom Kathleen had heard mentioned more than once in a casual manner; but, beyond the fact that he was her father's first cousin and the heir to the title, she knew nothing whatever about him.

Lady Elwyn opened another letter, and nobody else spoke.

Kathleen had finished her breakfast, and was just wondering whether Sir Adrian would ever come down, whether she dared linger on at the table until he came, or whether she would go out and hang about the hall just for a glimpse of his face on his way down-stairs, when she noticed a slight disturbance amongst the men-servants. A message had been brought to the dining-room door, which, after some whispered words, the great Mr. Simpkins took upon himself to deliver to his master.

"There is a man, my lord, who has been waiting in the gun-room for an hour. He is very anxious to see your lordship as soon as you are at liberty to speak to him."

"In the gun-room? Who is he! What does he want?"

"He came in answer to your advertisement, I believe, my lord— after the under-keeper's place."

"Oh! What is he like?"

"I have not seen him, my lord; it was James as showed him into the gun-room before you came down-stairs. It seems he is in a 'urry like."

"Hang him! Let him go if he's in a hurry. I dare say he wouldn't suit me. What is he like, James?"

The footman came forward. All this time Kathleen had heard without hearing, as it were, and had listened without paying the slightest attention. Then James spoke up.

"He's a superior looking sort of chap, my lord, but wi h a sulky looking face—not bad looking exactly either—with black hair rather rough, and black eyes, tall, and has broad shoulders—looks like a keeper, or almost like a farmer."

At this answer Kathleen looked up suddenly. Every vestige of color left her face, and her heart began to beat fast, while she thought to herself, "Why should Tom Darley come after the keeper's place?"

"Well, I'd better see the fellow," said Lord Elwyn.

He drank up his tea at a gulp and left the room. Quick as thought Kathleen left her place from the table and followed him out of the door. She caught up her father as he was crossing the hall towards the passage that led to the gun room.

"Papa!" she said softly.

"Yes, my dear, what is it?" He turned and stood still.

Somehow, hard and cold and matter-of-fact as Lord Elwyn was, his unknown child of his early youth exercised a strange influence over him. Hitherto she had held him at bay, refusing to give him a daughter's love whilst she yielded to him a daughter's obedience; he had not been able to win her from that strange attitude of disapproving resentment against him for the past. It distressed and disturbed him more than he would have believed possible. In his secret heart he would have given a good deal to induce this fair young daughter to bestow upon him the trustful love of an affectionate child.

"What is it, Kathleen?" he continued. Her face was pale and full of disturbance, and her eyes looked scared and anxious. He had not noticed her at breakfast—for nobody ever wished good morning to anybody at Clortell, save by a bend of the head or a wave of the hand across the table—so that Lord Elwyn looked at his child's face for the first time that day; and even he could see that all was not right with her. "You are troubled, I see, my dear. Wait until I have just spoken to a man on business, and I will come and talk to you in the library."

"No, papa—that is just it. I cannot wait. I don't want you to see that man at all—or, if you do, dismiss him at once—do not engage him."

Lord Elwyn looked profoundly surprised.

"My dear Kathleen, this is very extraordinary! What do you know about this man? Why do you ask such a thing?"

"I am sure I know who he is. I recognised him from the description that James gave of him. His name is Darley; he is a man I know. Do not take him as your keeper, papa—I—I don't think he means any good."

She spoke very confusedly and breathlessly, Lord Elwyn was puzzled.

"This seems very incomprehensible, Kathleen. You say you know this man. Is there anything against his character?"

Kathleen could not in common honesty say that there was—nor could she bring herself to own to this proud aristocratic father that the man who was waiting in the gun-room as an applicant for the under-keeper's place had made her promise to be his wife. She could only twist her hands pitifully together and feel utterly wretched and powerless.

"He must not—he shall not come here!" she thought to herself desperately. "He saw us together last night—he saw him; and he is jealous, and wants to work out his wicked vengeance!"—and she shuddered and trembled from head to foot. Then, while she hesitated and paused, not knowing how to plead her cause, a sudden inspiration came to her.

"Papa"—and she raised two lovely pleading eyes to his and laid two soft little sunburnt hands upon his arm—"papa, do not ask me questions, for indeed I cannot very well explain to you. But will you trust me and believe in me for once? I do not know anything; but I have good reason to suspect that this man who is not—never has been a keeper—only wants the keeper's place to make mischief and do harm. I cannot say more—only—only—do not refuse my request!"

"Kathleen, it is the first thing you have ever asked of your father, and I will not refuse you;" and he took her hands in his and kissed her on the forehead. "I will not see the man." Then he passed his arm round her waist and went back into the hall with her. "Simpkins," he said to the butler, "I have changed my mind; I shall not engage another keeper until Colonel Elwyn comes down—he will very likely wish to give the place to someone he knows. Go and tell that man who is waiting that I am not able to see him, and that I am not going to fill up the place at present."

Lord Elwyn had turned toward, for his young daughter cast her arms suddenly around his neck and kissed him as she had certainly never done before.

Watching a few minutes later from one of the upper windows, Kathleen saw the man whose wife she had promised to become in a few years slouching across the park, his hat pulled down over his eyes, his hands thrust savagely down into his trouser pockets. She had made no mistake—it was Tom Darley. When he got a certain way off, upon the brow of a slight eminence, she saw him turn round and shake his fist savagely at the castle ere he disappeared behind the shoulder of the hill.

"He will not give it up," Kathleen thought, with a shudder; "if he has failed now, he will try again in some other way."

Then suddenly a great terror for the man she loved rose up within her. Tom Darley might have seen his face in the moonlight—he could say that he would not dog his footsteps and lie in wait for him to do him some injury! All her woman's heart rose in arms, and she learnt, in a moment, as nothing else could have taught her, how unspeakably dear he had become to her.

"He must go," she said to herself distractedly; "it is not safe that he should stay here! Somehow or other I must get him to go away at once!"

For many hours she had no opportunity of speaking to Sir Adrian. When he came downstairs, he seemed almost to avoid Kathleen purposely.

Perhaps his conscience reproached him, perhaps his wavering affections had veered round again toward his beautiful fiancee, or perhaps it was only that he felt guilty and did not want to betray himself. Anyhow, he devoted himself more assiduously than ever to Lucille, and scarcely seemed to be aware of Miss Elwyn's existence.

It was a wet morning—impossible either to ride or drive—and lawn tennis was a thing not to be dreamt of. The lovers took refuge in the billiard room and played together until it was nearly luncheon time. Kathleen, sick at heart, could hear their merry voices laughing and talking together, and the click of the balls and the hurrying footsteps round the billiard table which told of the progress of the game and of their enjoyment. She sat by herself in the hall reading a tragedy by Racine which a French master who came twice a week from London to teach her had desired her to study. She tried to fix her attention on her book, but could not shut her ears to those two gay voices which sounded through the open doorway.

"He loves her—he loves her!" said the poor child to herself miserably. "He is quite happy with her—he has no thought of me!"

But she was quite wrong. He thought of her ardently, and longed to get to her, yet could see no way to accomplish it.

Presently Lucille cast down her cue triumphantly.

"There! I have beaten you again!" she cried—she was always good-tempered when she was successful. "Why, I declare it has stopped raining! Let us go down the avenue to the lodge gates and have our luncheon—we shall just have time. I will go and put on my things."

She ran through the hall and upstairs. Kathleen's heart began to beat. Would he come out and speak to her now? She waited, but he did not come. She could hear him walking round the billiard table, knocking the balls about and whistling softly; but he did not come out to her. She grew desperate. For his safety's sake—nay, for his very life's sake—she must speak to him—no mere maidenly shyness must be allowed to stand betwixt her and her object now! She got up boldly and walked into the billiard room.

"Sir Adrian, I want to speak to you."

He cast down his cue upon the table and colored hotly.

"Kathleen, did you get back all right last night?"

He came close to her and whispered the question, taking one of her small hands in his and holding it tenderly and closely against his breast. She had not the strength to draw it away, but she made no answer to his question.

"What I have to say to you is very important," she said breathlessly. "I want you to go away at once—quite away for some weeks. Do you understand?"

"To go away! Oh, cruel little woman, how can you expect me to do that?"

"Oh, do not ask questions! Indeed, indeed it is serious—very serious! I would give my life to see you go; you must do as I ask. I cannot explain to you; but don't refuse—pray don't refuse!"

Her earnestness startled him, and he saw that her eyes filled with tears.

"Kathie, what is the meaning of this?" he whispered tenderly, calling her unconsciously by the little pet name of her childhood's days. "Why am I to go? If it is for my own sake, then I am reckless, and I will not be wise, and I will not go; but, if it is for your sake, little Kathie, for your peace of mind, for your happiness, then——"

Their eyes met. The hot color came in a flame to her face. She saw what he meant, she guessed what he intended to imply. He thought she was urging him to go so that she might stifle her own unruly love; he wanted to make her confess it, and then, manlike, he would be content.

For a few moments pride and love struggled for the mastery within her, and she felt that she would sooner die than own to a love that had never been sought or asked for, and that had sprung up with so terrible a rapidity in her heart; then she thought of Tom Darley, of his black scowling face, of his threats, and of the vindictive way in which he had turned back and shaken his fist as he went away, cursing no doubt the man whom he had seen in the moonlight with his arm about the girl he loved—she thought of all this, and pride fell away abashed, and love won the day within her.

She raised her eyes to his—eyes as deep and true as the skies at evening and as forgetful of self as those of an angel—and, as she spoke, slowly and deliberately, she trembled indeed, but she did not even blush as she uttered the courageous words.

"Yes—it is that—it is because I am not able to bear your daily presence after last night that I entreat you to go—because—because—" Her voice faltered a little and her eyes fell.

He bent down towards her. All the passion of the man's heart leaped up within him at this strange sweet avowal.

"It is because you love me, sweet?" he whispered in her ear.

"Yes," she murmured back, her lips scarce able to frame the word.

"Then I will go! I swear to you I will go to-morrow!"

"No—to-day; do not be here another night!" she entreated; and he promised her that he would.

"But," he said, half smiling, as he held her hand in his—"but you know I shall be obliged to come back again after a while; and how will it be then?"

"It will be better—much better."

"You mean you will have got over it?" he asked in some surprise; and he was scarcely pleased when she answered:

"Yes—things will be better."

Then for the first time he noticed how pale and ill she looked and how much she trembled. Smitten with a late remorse, he cried:

"Oh, dear Kathie—dear little girl—if you only knew how sorry, how grieved I am, how bitterly I reproach myself—"

"Do not," she interposed a little brokenly; "there is nothing to reproach yourself with. I—I am all right; if you will only go away, it will come all right. Do not think badly of me!"

"Think badly of you, Kathleen! How could I—how to mean to do so much for you, and have done you only harm! If you were to hate me, it would be only what I deserve."

"I could never hate you!" she answered; and then, as her sweet eyes met his, the color rushed back in a flood to her white face, and there shone out of them such a wealth of love and trust as had never looked out of woman's eyes at Sir Adrian Deverell before.

And, as they stood thus face to face, with hands clasped together in a lover-like familiarity, suddenly a voice close behind them exclaimed in horrified accents:

"Great heavens—Adrian!

They sprang apart consciously and guiltily. Lucille Maitland, equipped for her walk, with blazing eyes and fury-flushed face, stood within ten paces of them.

"What on earth is the meaning of this scene! Are you rehearsing for private theatricals?" she asked, looking straight at her lover, and turning her back contemptuously upon the trembling Kathleen.

"My dear Lucille, it certainly looks like it, I admit—but it is a matter of fact, however, I was only wishing Miss Elwyn good-bye;" and Adrian laughed uneasily.

"Why? Is she going away?"—"No; I am going away."

"You! Since when, pray?"

"Since you left the room, when Simpkins brought me a telegram from my lawyer which demands my immediate presence in town."

"When are you going!" she asked calmly; but she looked as if she did not believe him in the very least.

"As soon as I have swallowed my lunch; so that, if we are to have our constitutional, we must look sharp."

"Go and get on your hat then, and I will follow you," she said quietly.

Adrian went out. Simpkins was in the hall. As he gave him his hat, the baronet slipped a sovereign into his hand.

"Remember, Simpkins, that you brought me a telegram about five minutes ago," he said.

"Into the billiard room, Sir Adrian! Yes, certainly, Sir Adrian!"—and Simpkins pocketed his sovereign with something as near to a wink as it was possible for a respectable butler to bestow upon a baronet who was his master's guest.

"Wants to get away from her, 'e do," he confided later on to his cronies in the servants' hall; "wants a telegram to get up to town and 'ave a lark. And I can't say as how I'm surprised, for, of all the domineering, ordering-about cats as I ever see, Miss Maitland she's the wust!"

"Poor young man!" assented the cook pitifully. "He do lead a life with her, to be sure."

"And Charles, as stands behind her chair at breakfast, he do declare to me as she had a letter beginning 'Dearest' this very morning, and signed 'Your own loving Laurie,' not to mention a gold bracelet as came to her by post, both of which she hid up pretty sharp for fear they should be seen. Ah, she's a bad 'un she is!"

"So she be," assented the woman-folk—from which it was evident that Miss Maitland was a favorite amongst the domestics.

Meanwhile Lucille had been left alone in the billiard-room with Kathleen. For a second or two neither spoke, but Lucille stood looking with a withering scorn at the poor girl who leaned white and trembling against the billiard-table. Yet, after all, it was she who, plucking up her spirit and her strength, was the first to speak.

"Miss Maitland, you must not think that Sir Adrian was saying anything to me that was not right. He has been very kind to me since I have been here, and I was telling him of a little trouble of mine; and he told me he was going away, and was just wishing me good-by as you came in. It may have seemed strange to you; but there was really nothing at all in it."

"Thank you very much—I do not at all desire to hear these elaborate explanations. I certainly consider it strange that Sir Adrian should have made a confidant of you as to his plans; and no doubt you are unaware that it is considered decent society for a young lady to grasp hold of both a gentleman's hands and gaze up rapturously into his face as if he were going to embrace him, even although he may be wishing her good-bye!"

"Oh, Miss Maitland, do not be so cruel!"

"I do not wish to be cruel, or even unjust. I ought not perhaps to be surprised at such conduct in a person of your birth and bringing up. It is no doubt foolish to expect the manners of a lady from you. As however I do not choose you to practise your forward and disgraceful arts upon the gentleman I am engaged to, I think it is well for your own sake to tell you that, although Sir Adrian is somewhat fond of amusing himself at the expense of girls of your class and manners, he invariably speaks of them behind their backs with the utmost disgust and loathing, and therefore it would be as well that you should restrain yourself from exciting his ridicule and his contempt."

She turned her back upon her and left the room; and Kathleen sank down upon a couch in a very paroxysm of shame and agonized grief.

(To be Continued.)

An Almanac Joke.

Wife—Where are you going, John? It's getting very late.

Husband (who has been reading a patent medicine almanac)—I'm going to see a doctor, if I live to find one.

The Horrors of It.

The Happy Bride—Why, Mamma, what are you crying for. Everything is so lovely, and everybody's been so good to me! Come and look at my presents, dear!

The Wise Mamma—It's the presents I'm thinking of! Every family with a regiment of unmarried girls has sent you the most horribly expensive things—and now they'll all be getting married, and you and Charles will have to scrape and starve to give each of them something handsomer still! Presents! O Angelina! why didn't you elope!—*Puck.*

What Constitutes a Thinking Man?

Most young men have some sense of the importance of learning to think. They desire to become thinking men. What constitutes a thinking man? How shall I become a thinking man? These are interesting questions to such young men.

In a certain sense, thinking is seeing—seeing the mind's eye. Suppose you wish to see a particular landscape. You visit it. You take such a position as places its objects before you. You look at the meadow, the trees, the stream, the rocks. If you do not see an object distinctly you go nearer to it, or make such a change of position as will enable you to see it distinctly. This process of seeing is a very simple process. You know how to do that. There seems to you to be no mystery in it. You desire also to know how to think; but thinking you regard as a more mysterious process.

As was said above, thinking is seeing—not with the bodily eye, but with the eye of the mind. There are intellectual and moral objects as well as material objects. Seeing intellectual and moral objects—which are non-material truths—is thinking. How are such objects, such truths seen? By placing them before the mind, just as material objects are seen by placing them before the eye.

You wish to know whether a certain plan of action is a wise one. You can determine that question by thinking; that is, by seeing a great many truths relating to that plan. You can see those truths by looking at them. You need to look at the design or objects of the plan—at the means by which it is proposed to accomplish it. You need to look at the character and habits of those who are to be engaged in the execution of it. When you have looked at these and many other truths connected with the plan, you will be able to see whether it is a wise one or not. This last seeing will be the result of a great many other seeings.

Thus thinking is mental seeing. To learn to think, we must look patiently and perseveringly at truths, which are the objects of thought.

Getting Rich by Small Inventions.

The New Jersey man who hit upon the idea of attaching a rubber erasing tip to the end of lead pencils is worth $200,000.

The miner who invented a metal rivet or eyelet at each end of the mouth of coat and trousers pockets, to resist the strain caused by the carriage of pieces of ore and heavy tools, has made more money from his letters patent than he would have made had he struck a good vein of gold-bearing quartz.

Every one has seen the metal plates that are used to protect the heels and soles of rough shoes, and yet the man who made that within ten years the man who hit upon the idea has made $250,000.

As large a sum as was ever obtained for any intention was enjoyed by the Yankee who invented the inverted glass bell to hang over gas jets to protect ceilings from being blackened by smoke.

The inventor of the roller skate has made $1,000,000, notwithstanding the fact that his patent had nearly expired before the value of it was a certained in the craze for roller skating that spread over the country a few years ago.

The pinlet-pointed screw has produced more wealth than most silver mines, and the Connecticut man who first thought of putting copper tips on the toes of children's shoes is as well off as if he had inherited $1,000,000. For that's the amount his idea has realized for him in cold, clammy coin.

The common needle threader, which every one has seen for sale, and which every woman owns, was a boon to needle users. The man who invented it has an income of $10,000 a year from his invention.

A minister in England made $50,000 by inventing an odd toy that danced by winding it with a string.

The man who invented the return ball, an ordinary wooden ball, with a rubber string attached to it, made about $1,000,000 from it.

The person who invented the most recent popular toy, "Pigs in Clover," will be rich before the frosts turn this autumn. He was poor last November.

Slaves of Appetite.

It is impossible to cherish much respect for a man whose happiness is so far dependent upon his palate that he is miserable when his dinner is not done to a turn, and seasoned to the shade of a flavor. We once knew an individual whom a mistake of half a minute in the boiling of a couple of eggs would put out of humor for a whole day. Occasionally this slave of appetite would throw a dish that was not to his taste out of the window. Yet he was a member of the church, and asked a blessing on every meal. But, if one might judge from the expression of his face when his epicurean sensibilities were outraged, the meat which he had prayed might be "sanctified to our use" was afterwards inwardly devoted to perdition.

The individual to whom the savor of what he eats is a matter of indifference, is not much more to our liking than the epicure whose peace of mind is destroyed by an extra revolution of the spit, or a superfluous shake of the pepper-box. There are three kinds of enjoyments—mental, spiritual and sensuous. The first two are of a higher grade than the other; but that, too, is not only permissible but proper. All our senses were given us to cultivate and to use, and the sense of taste is bestowed that we might appreciate the edible gifts of Providence, and feel correspondingly thankful to the Giver. These edible gifts are intended not only to nourish, but to comfort and solace us, and it is disrespectful to the Creator to hold them in small esteem, to bestow no pains upon their preparation, to take no pleasure in them. If the selfish and exacting epicure is to be pitied, there is certainly not much to attract one in the man of coarse appetites and instincts, whose only dietetic sensations are hunger and repletion.

Marriage a la Milwaukee.

There is said to be in Milwaukee a champion marrying justice. There is nobody to equal the neatness and despatch with which he ties the knot. This is the way he does it:

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"Yes."
"Have him?"
"Yes."
"Married; two dollars."

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is eagerly sought for, and read with pleasure or disappointment, in then interest and forgotten. But ladies who read of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, read it again, for they discover in it something to prize—a messenger of joy to those suffering from functional derangements or from any of the painful disorders or weaknesses peculiar to their sex. Periodical pains, internal inflammation and ulceration, leucorrhea and kindred ailments readily yield to its wonderful curative and healing powers. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrappers, and faithfully carried out for many years. $1.00 by druggists, or six bottles for $5.00.

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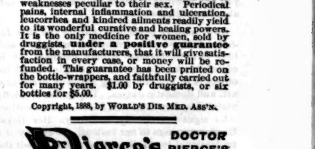

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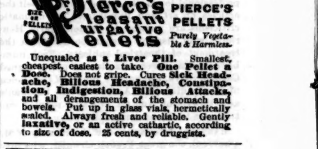

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CHAPTER XIV.

Sir Guy went down the terrace steps, and, with his hands clenched together behind his back and his head bent, paced up and down, glad to be in the darkness.

In spite of his denial, he had, and he knew that he had, been dreading this blow. During his wilfully protracted absence it had never left his thoughts, his fear of it had caused an ever-augmenting, ceaseless agony. But one misery had been spared him—he had not thought for an instant that his own secret, guarded so silently, jealously, and sternly, as it was in the nature of the man to guard what he felt most—he had never even dreamed that it was a palpable thing to her from whom he would most seriously have concealed it. It was very bitter to know that it was known, that he and his luckless, hopeless passion were derided, set aside as less than nothing. To know that he himself set it aside and was cruelly amused at the poor folly did not make it less bitter.

He laughed presently, scoffing at himself. Poor fool indeed! Had he not always known, from the day when he first realized what she was to him, that it must be such an ending as this? But he had never thought of his brother then. His brother or another? Did it matter much which, when he had always known that she was not and could not be for him?

She had most probably returned to the drawing-room by now. He could not go back then to meet his mother's cold or smiling eyes which had surprised his secret, to hear the icy voice which had taunted him with it and its hopelessness so contemptuously and cruelly. Above all, he could not go back to watch Adela and Duke together, perhaps to read confirmation in their every look and word. He had been walking on as he thought—moment moment seemed to ease his mental pain much as it might have done a fierce physical agony—now he suddenly started and stood still. His had said to his mother that she spoke without warrant. No, no!

He halted at the entrance to the broad path usually known as the Beech Walk, for in it, just within sight, he saw them standing. There was no possibility of mistaking Duke's tall figure and fair head, still less his white, graceful and slender form beside him, the graceful head and shoulders covered by some soft wrap that was white too. Guy Oldcastle, watching, understanding, grimly setting his teeth to endure, had no thought that he was almost playing the spy. His senses for a moment were almost numb; he was lost to everything but a cynical sense of his own suffering.

They had not just met—he could tell that. He saw Duke bend towards the girl, and fancied that he could see the smile, eager and triumphant, upon his handsome face—triumphant although he was evidently pleading with her—pleading successfully, for in another moment he had stooped and kissed the half-upturned face.

Sir Guy turned away sharply—he had seen enough. Then he felt a tug at his hand and saw a pair of sharp bright black eyes peering up at him curiously in the gloom.

"Cousin Guy, I believe you're deaf!" cried Angel, in an energetic whisper. "I called after you a dozen times, and you didn't hear me. What is it that you're looking after down there? Do you see poachers?"

"No, child—no." He tried to recall himself, and turned his way from the two distant figures—there was little fear that they would see, absorbed in each other as they were. "What is it you want?" he said. "You ought to be in bed by this time."

"Tisn't my fault—I can't go," returned Angel expansively. "Fanny's gone to Wilderose—Mrs. Uglow said she might—and I can't find Miss Stone. Haven't you seen her? Do you know where she is?"

"In the house, of course. Go off and look for her, child!"

"Oh, but she isn't!" declared Angel confidently, declining to budge, and searching him her with the sharpest of eyes. "She's out here somewhere, I believe. I saw her run down the back staircase. She's always doing that; and when she comes back she cries like a baby. Aunt Olivia would be awfully cross if she knew. I'm going in soon again—I'm not going to look for her. Besides, I don't want to go to bed yet. Can't I go into the drawing-room for a little while, Cousin Guy, please? Lady Adela was going to sing, and I like to hear her. She was just beginning when I came out."

"What was?" asked Sir Guy sharply.

"Why, Adela was!" said unconscious Angel, chattering on. "I know you're deaf, cousin Guy; I'm sure I said it plainly enough. She was just beginning the song she likes so much about the three fishermen that got drowned because their stupid wives let the lighthouse lamps go out."

"Lady Adela isn't indoors, child."

"I'm sure she is!" affirmed Angel, with the most emphatic of nods. "She came out of her room just as I was going past the door, and raced me downstairs and went into the drawing room. Did you think she was out here and come to look for her? I'll go and tell her you want her if you like. She'll come, I think, because she likes you ever so much better than Duke, you know," said Angel patronizingly; "and so do I."

Guy did not answer; it was hardly by his own volition that he swung round, and looked eagerly, incredulously, wrathfully, down the Beech Walk. In his sudden rush of compelling tension he could hardly have told what was his predominant emotion. No; neither of the pair had seen. There they were still, standing in almost the same position, but the white shawl had slipped down upon the shoulders of the woman, and, instead of rippling nut-brown hair, showed a smooth little shining flaxen head.

Angel, who had been staring too, opened her eyes wonderingly.

"Oh," she gasped, "there she is! Oh, there!"

This last scandalized ejaculation was caused by Duke's again bending to kiss his companion. In another moment the little governess had darted away down an adjacent side path, and Duke stood alone. Leisurely pulling out his cigar case, he proceeded to choose a cigar. The darkest of frowns was on Guy Oldcastle's swarthy, melancholy face as he looked round at the child standing open-eyed beside him.

"Go indoors, Angel," he said sternly; "and hold your tongue, child—do you hear?"

"All right." Somewhat awed, Angel started to move away, then stopped suddenly. "Duke often kisses Miss Stone, cousin Guy," she said, nodding up at him slyly. "I know he does, because I've seen him—when they didn't know I was there, you know. And she cried, and said she knew he liked Adela ever so much better than she did her, and he laughed and said she was a jealous little goose, and he didn't. But I think he does, and——"

Miss Angel was stopped at this point of her voluble disclosure by a hand being placed firmly over her mouth and herself being lifted, carried a few yards, and set down upon her feet again. Sir Guy only pointed towards the house, but his look and gesture were quite enough. Angel took to her heels, as thoroughly understanding that she was commanded to disappear and to hold her tongue as she would have done had any one else treated her to a lecture half an hour long.

Sir Guy waited until the little figure was out of sight; then he turned and went slowly down the Beech Walk towards his brother.

Duke heard his step, and swung round quickly. The frown upon the elder man's face was repeated instantly upon that of the younger. Duke, in fact, was not feeling by any means amiable just then, and would have been upon almost any pretext. The interview which was just over had ruffled his temper, for, despite his resolution, he had found it impossible to do as he had intended and explain the position of things to Amy Stone. Instead, he knew that if he had done anything it was to involve himself more than ever. She had been so passionate, jealous and unreasonable, and had repeated the threat of her letter with so much pitiful energy and earnestness, that he had absolutely not dared to mention Adela Nugent's name. So he was not feeling amiable, and of all people in the world would have chosen just then to avoid his brother. He would nevertheless have spoken a few light pleasant words in spite of his irritation—pleasant words were such easy, glib things to him—but that he met the look and the stern dark eyes and saw that he had been detected. It was so utterly unexpected that it threw him off his balance.

Confound it all! Here was a pretty complication! he thought uneasily. What a fool he had been to meet the girl! What an idiot he had been not to let his chance in the afternoon slip, when he might have proposed to Adela Nugent! What was going to happen now!

Guy spoke at once without any preliminary word.

"Look here," he said bluntly—"I warned you once before, Duke, and you have paid as much attention to the warning as I might have known you would. You needn't have troubled yourself to lie about it then; and don't, if you please, try to lie about it now. I shall find in one way—you may rely upon that. What are you going to do about it? That's what I want to know."

Duke had recovered himself a little. Denial was of no use, but sneering might be. He knocked the ash from the tip of his cigar and laughed.

"So you've been spying—eh!" he said tranquilly.

"Yes, if you like to put it so. I ask, What are you going to do?"

"My dear fellow, I ask—pray calm your virtuous indignation—I ask in reply, What do you mean by that?"

"Are you going to marry the girl?" the elder brother asked briefly.

"Marry her! What on earth next! My dear fellow, you must be mistaking me for your excellent self! I'm not a baronet rolling in the income of nine thousand a year which I'm too stingy—beg pardon, too prudent—to spend, but a poor beggar with seven hundred, which is at the present moment anticipated to its utter most fraction for the next fourteen years; and now you're good enough to offer to help me out of my difficulties with a penniless wife. No, thanks—cut couldn't be done."

"Then I'm to understand that you don't mean to marry her?" Sir Guy asked, in the same curt, hard way.

"Well, yes, if you'll be so good," Duke laughed. "If you're so anxious to settle the young lady in life, why don't you go in for her yourself? She's a pretty little thing enough, and she'd jump at it, no doubt. Nine thousand a year isn't picked up every day."

"Look here—Guy—I can't take you nearer—drop that! I'm not in the humor for it. How far has this wretched business gone?"

Duke involuntarily drew back a little. He was not a coward, but there was just then a very ugly look in the steady dark eyes and an ominous and suggestive motion about the large sinewy hands. Once in their schooldays he had enraged his brother, and a quarrel had resulted in a fight in which—very much to his own astonishment—he had received an unmerciful thrashing. Ever since then he had had an unwilling respect for his brother's strength, in spite of his own superior inches. So he drew back, although he was not a coward, and moderated his tone a little.

"Hobbish!" he said sullenly. "What on earth do you suppose, pray? I've done the girl no harm."

"Pshaw!" Guy retorted. "Do you take me for a fool or a blind man? No harm! Your idea of harm is a strange one."

"Yours is, you mean," the other rejoined, still sullenly. "Give me credit for chasing all the world over! Because I've talked to the girl—kissed her, if you're bound to have everything—one would think, to hear you preaching, that I had done her some injury."

"Injury!" Sir Guy laughed bitterly as he turned upon him. "It is the act of an honorable and honest man truly to make some love to this girl while you pay open court to Adela Nugent! I say it is the act of a scoundrel!"

Surprise and wrath confused Duke for a moment—confused him so much that he forgot prudence. He broke into a laugh.

"Oh," he cried mockingly, "that's where the shoe pinches, is it?"

He realized his imprudence with a startling suddenness. Guy simply turned upon his brother, and with one blow knocked him down. Duke did not rise for nearly a minute—he was knocked off his balance in more ways than one, and when he did get upon his feet again he was alone in the Beech Walk.

CHAPTER XV.

When, some ten minutes after leaving the Beech Walk, Sir Guy entered the drawing-room again, there was no trace of passion or agitation either on his face or on his leisurely movements. Lady Oldcastle, seemingly half asleep in her chair in the light of her shaded lamp, raised her eyelids, evidently expecting to see Duke, let them fall again when she saw who it was, and took no further notice. Adela, playing softly at the piano, her drooping eyes following the motion of her hands rather than looking at the music, glanced round too and rose quickly. Guy went up to his mother's table.

"Mother, can I speak to you for a few moments? It is important. Lady Adela will excuse us, I am sure."

"Oh, of course!" Adela cried quickly, hastening to interpose before the elder lady could speak. "You are just in time, Sir Guy, to prevent me from playing myself to sleep. She got out on to the terrace; it is absolutely ungrateful to spend the whole of such a glorious evening indoors."

She laughed, and with a gay little nod stepped through the long window, bareheaded as she was. At intervals, while the mother and son spoke, Duke saw the white figure, with with the red rose at the throat, could be seen slowly pacing up and down.

"You are very mysterious, Guy!" Lady Oldcastle's brilliant cold eyes were wide open enough now, as she sat more erect in her great chair and faced her son. "Our conversations," she said, with a slight emphasis on such, "require secrecy, as a rule. I don't understand you."

An angry resentment which had in it an element of fear had for the time taken the place of the repugnance with which Olivia Oldcastle usually regarded her elder son. She had not liked his look when he quitted her a little earlier; the tone in which he had sternly answered "Either" to her taunting question had struck upon her ear as ominous. A spasm of fear had chilled her at the thought that he might possibly battle and defeat her. Her cherished project was not executed yet. What, after all, if he should step in and win Adela Nugent and her fortune, and not Duke, her beloved? It was absurd, almost impossible, but yet—She set her teeth, and vowed to herself that it should never be.

Guy could have chosen no worse time to speak to her as he meant to speak, and he read that plainly, although he did not suspect the cause. He hesitated, glancing involuntarily towards the window. Adela paused, humming a soft song to herself, her smiling face drooping musingly. Lady Oldcastle's eyes stonily followed his look, then were turned upon him.

"Well," she questioned, "what is it? I am at a loss to imagine what this important subject can be. Does it concern Lady Adela?"

"It does not." He looked round at her and turned to face her with a quick flush, for there was mockery in her last words. It concerns Duke and—another person."

As she slowly leaned back in her chair and looked at him, setting her lips, he saw plainly that she would set herself hopelessly and inflexibly against anything and everything that he could say; but something in her stubbornness was in him too, and he was not to be deterred from his purpose.

"Before I speak, mother, I know that by doing so I shall annoy and offend you; but I have no choice. I hope I shall not have to mention Duke's name again—I will not if I can help it. I hope you will try to understand me without that. I think—I am quite sure—that Miss Stone should leave the Towers. For her own sake—I say no more—she would be better away."

Lady Oldcastle understood, and the sudden hot color which flushed her cheek and dyed her face told her son as much; but she looked at him unflinchingly, with no dawn of comprehension in her eyes.

"Explain yourself," she said stiffly.

"It is difficult to do so, mother, knowing as I do that I tread with you on dangerous ground even in approaching this subject. I fear that you would help me and render further explanation unnecessary."

"It is necessary. Say what you have to say, if you persist in speaking at all, in plain language. Once more I do not understand you."

Her son was not afraid of her, but from his earliest childhood her unkindness and coldness had held him more or less in awe. Her look and her voice now were meant to awe him into silence; but in this she was for once baffled. The studious disdainful contempt merely aroused his temper, and forced him to set himself against her. He did it quietly, and he did it even with a touch of contempt upon his own side.

"Pardon me, mother," he said calmly, "but you force me to say that you do understand. I see it, and know it. There is no reason but one why I should even speak of Miss Stone and Duke in the same breath. You must be as well aware of that as I am."

"Indeed!"

Lady Adela passed the window again, glancing in with a smile as she went slowly. Lady Oldcastle's eyes turned towards the graceful figure, and then back to her son. The slight smile that curved her lips was a crushing insult than a blow would have been. But Guy retained his composure.

"I do not want to give you a worse impression than there is warrant for," he went on. "There is, I firmly believe, no harm done which cannot to a great extent be undone; but I am not the one to take it in hand. It is because I feel that so strongly, mother, that I speak to you." He stopped.

"Go on," she said, without moving.

"I should have spoken of it to you before. I know that. I saw something which made me uneasy and suspicious before I went to Bordale. I said then to the person in fault what I hoped would be sufficient to stop it. It has not stopped it. I am not speaking without being absolutely certain of what I say."

If Lady Oldcastle had been a witness to the two interviews in the Beech Walk, she could hardly have known more of them than she divined now—always excepting the last episode. She merely repeated, in her former tone—

"Go on."

"I speak reluctantly now, mother, and I hope you will do me the justice to believe as much, although, of course I can not help that, you are deceiving what I say precisely as I know you would. Believe me or not, as you please, it is only true to say that I might have hesitated to speak even now but for a sense of what was plain duty."

"Oh, doubtless!"—with a mocking laugh. "You choose a characteristic time, Guy," she said coldly and deliberately, "for this disclosure. I congratulate you. Will your sense of plain duty"—with a sneer—"next prompt you to enlighten Lady Adela?"

"No," he said sternly; "my duty, I hope, stops here. It is for you to say, mother, what shall next be done."

"For me? You are far from explicit. Once more I must ask you to explain yourself."

"That, at least, should be unnecessary. I have told you how this matter stands, and who is undoubtedly to blame; I have told you what seems to me to be the only remedy. I hope that with as little delay as possible you will see it applied."

"That I will see what applied?"

"That you will," he said, speaking plainly, "see that Miss Stone leaves the Towers at once. She does not at present know that I have discovered anything, and it will no doubt be kinder to her, poor child, to keep her in ignorance, if it can be done. It will, I should think, be easy to make excuses for her leaving suddenly both to her and her parents, without distressing her or exciting their suspicions. Nothing derogatory was said of her or implied. There is nothing to blame her for beyond a little natural frivolousness and vanity. I think, mother, that Sir Guy added, with an almost entreating glance at the handsome, implacable face before him, "that you may be said to owe her that much as a duty."

There was a pause. Adela passed the window again, and glanced with a puzzled, almost anxious face at the two figures in the center of the drawing-room. Her pretty forehead puckered thoughtfully—she stopped her song. Lady Oldcastle sat mute, looking straight before her. Her rigidly-maintained silence forced her son to speak.

"I hope," he said, "that you will do this, mother?"

"That I will do what!" she asked, in a questioning tone, as though she had forgotten.

At no time was Guy Oldcastle a particularly patient man. He made a quick movement, and the frown on his brow deepened.

"That you will do as I have suggested—the only thing, as it seems to me that can be done—and send this poor little silly creature away."

Lady Oldcastle rose slowly, drawing about her shoulders the wrap which had slipped from them, the deliberate calm of her manner a curious contrast to the rising heat and haste of her son's.

"I shall do nothing," she said.

He looked at her for a moment, and bit his lip.

"You will not, mother?"

"I have said that I will not."

"You will treat this affair as nothing?"

She answered, with cruel emphasis—

"I know nothing."

"I understand," he said; and his short laugh was very bitter. "I should have learnt my lesson by now. I should have held my tongue."

"Far better," she said heartily.

She passed him as if to leave the room. He stopped her resolutely.

"One moment, mother," he said determinedly. "My hands shall be clean in this thing. I am resolved. Once more I tell you that I have spoken only the strict truth. Make inquiries if you choose. You will find that I have lied to you. Will you do that?"

"I will not." He had laid his hand upon her arm when he checked her with a haughty gesture. "I do not say, Guy, she said, looking him full in the face, "that this is entirely fiction—invention—you may call it what you please. I can quite credit that you may have seen, may have heard, some little pleasant, natural courtesy passing between your brother and this girl. As for anything further, well"—her lip curled—"you wanted a pretext for some such tale as this. You force me to speak plainly, and I am not blind. I shall certainly not dismiss Miss Stone. The girl is, I believe, a good girl for her station, and she fulfils her duties to my satisfaction. We have said more than enough upon this subject; I desire that it be dropped for the future. Allow me to pass you."

(To be Continued.)

Rather Disagreeable People.

The celebrated Russian traveler, Grombchevski, in his account of recent explorations in Central Asia, thus describes his experience among the inhabitants of Kanjut:

"The khan received me with suspicion, to begin with; but later on he made me an excellent reception at a durbar (audience or reception) to which all the higher functionaries and elders of the khanate, as well as envoys from Nagar and Gilghit, were invited. Next day the khan came to dine with me, and during the visit he took a cold and fell ill with fever. He suspected me of having poisoned him, and so I had to dose him and stay, although I surely would have been torn to pieces if the illness had had a fatal issue. But I armed myself with salonnes and a bold persuasion that nobody would dare to offend a Russian, and this policy proved the best. Finally the khan recovered.

"In order to characterize the inhabitants of Kanjut, it is sufficient to mention the two following facts: Safder-ali-khan had shot his own father, poisoned his own mother, ordered to death his brother Sha-sumeis-khan, and ordered to be thrown over a precipice his two younger brothers, one of whom was eleven years and the other eight years old. The other fact is this: Kanjut was visited before me by Colonel Lockhart, who kept the heir of the khan and the son of the vizier as hostages, and nevertheless part of his numerous escort were taken prisoners by the Kanjutis and sold into slavery.

"Altogether, the Kanjutis lived upon robbery, plundering both the Chinese and the Kashmiri, and selling the prisoners into slavery. Kashmir pays them every year 15,000 rupees, and China sends substantial presents to induce them to keep quiet; but nevertheless they continue to practice their old customs of rapine and robbery. If I have succeeded in twice crossing their country without having been robbed, it was purely on account of the friendship of the khan and his favorites besides, and my own boldness. I never asked anybody's permission to make my survey; I determined latitudes and longitudes, and observed my meteorological instruments at regular hours, without trying to conceal one. The Kanjutis, no doubt, will find that, in case of need, I should fight desperately, and being themselves endowed with boundless courage, they respected the feeling of security which I displayed while living among them."

Progressing.

Mrs. De Stang (making a college call)—I trust, Mr. Grinds, that you're not neglecting the social training which goes so far to make a gentleman.

Her Son—By no means, mother. I devote two or three hours a day to Marquis of Queensbury rules.

Mrs. De Stang—I'm so-o o glad!

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Cure your Cough before you are beyond reach of human care or skill. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, properly administered, is a certain and speedy cure for all Throat and Lung Diseases. It is not a mere syrup, or cheap cough mixture, but a scientific preparation of great merit. **I used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, last spring, for a severe Cough, and for Lung troubles, with good effect. It completely cured me. —Harvey Baughman, Proprietor Globe Hotel, Mt. Gilead, Ohio.

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About five years ago I suffered from a very obstinate Cough, from which I was unable to obtain relief. I was finally persuaded, by a friend, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, before taking half a bottle of this medicine, was entirely cured. Since then I have used it whenever needed, and always with good effect.—Charles Meacham, Westfield, Mass.

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Two years ago I suffered from a severe attack of Bronchitis. The physician attending me became fearful that the disease would terminate in Pneumonia. After trying various medicines, without benefit, he finally prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved me at once. I continued to take it, and, in a short time, was cured.—Ernest Colton, Logansport, Ind.

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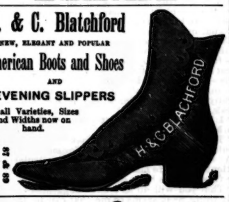

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the Commercial Travellers' Mutual Benefit Society, having complied with the requirements of the Insurance Act, has this day received a certificate of registration thereunder and is permitted to transact the business of Life Assurance on the assessment plan in the Dominion of Canada. James Sargent is Chief Agent for the Society, and the head office is established at the City of Toronto.

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Later Musical Notes.

On Thursday evening the Charity Concert in aid of the Hospital for Sick Children was given in the Pavilion and was well attended. Heintzman's Band made its first public appearance under the direction of Mr. Baugh, and the excellence of its playing was a genuine surprise. It is a large, fairly balanced band, and plays with truthful intonation and in good artistic style. It is, perhaps, lacking in mellowness of tone, but in this respect it will probably improve in time, as Mr. Baugh has developed thorough talent as a conductor. It gave a fine rendering of a selection from Gounod's Faust, and showed itself capable of performing with considerable variations of tone and speed, some fine climaxes being obtained. The characteristic pieces, Hunting Scene and Burlesque Rondo were well rendered. Mr. Baugh gave a pleasing cornet solo and Mr. Holderness contributed a clarionet solo in good style. Mrs. Caldwell sang the favorite Carneval de Venice with brilliant and facile execution, and in the Rainy Day she sang with great pathos and depth of expression. As an encore she sang a pretty little song, A Sad Disappointment. Mr. Warrington sang two songs, of which The Three Fishers was exceedingly well sung, and he sang, in response to a recall, A Nautical Song, in his happiest style. Mr. Dent sang My Pretty Jane in good style, and was encored.

MEYROONOME.

A great many of the ladies and gentlemen of this city, intending to visit the great Paris Exhibition, are following the special courses instituted to this effect by the Berlitz School of Languages, 31 King street east.

Recipe for Cleaning Glass, Silver, Nickle and Tinware.

Three ounces washing soda, dissolved in one-half pint hot water, add one tablespoonful of ammonia, thicken with whitening and let dry; rub on with damp cloth. Also use Nonsuch stove polish; no labor, no dust. Use Mirror stovepipe varnish; no smell or smoke. Manufactured by the Nonsuch Stove Polish Co., London, Ont.

The Ocean Record.

Once more the time taken for passage across the Atlantic has been reduced and the pennant for the fastest ship has been transferred to the City of Paris, which arrived in New York on Wednesday in 5 days, 23 hours, 7 minutes, the fastest trip ever made. The Inman Line now stands at the top of the Ocean tree.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BEATTY—On May 1, at Brampton, Mrs. Henry Beatty—a daughter.
COLE—On May 3, at Toronto, Mrs. Thos. S Cole—a son.
MACGY—On April 27, at Toronto, Mrs. Geo. A. MacAgy—a son.
TAYLOR—On April 22, at Toronto, Mrs. John Taylor—a daughter.
TROWELL—On May 1, at Toronto, Mrs. J. V. Trowell—a son.
WILD—On April 27, at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., Mrs. John A. Wilde—a son.
SALISBURY—On May 4, at Toronto, Mrs. E. J. Salisbury—a daughter.
HEWSON—On April 25, at Penetanguishene, Mrs. W. H. Hewson—a daughter.
MOON—On May 1, at Halifax, Mrs. Robert Moon—a son.
TAYLOR—On May 3, at Toronto, Mrs. Joseph Taylor—a daughter.
WILLIAMS—On April 24, at Toronto, Mrs. R. Williams—a daughter.
WHITE—On May 5, at Toronto, Mrs. Aubrey White—a daughter.
FLEMING—On May 5, at Craigleith, Mrs. Henry Fleming—a son.
MACTAVISH—On May 3, at Park Hill, Ont., Mrs. A. A. Mactavish—a daughter.
SIMPSON—On May 5, at Toronto, Mrs. Wm. Simpson—a son.
IRWIN—On April 30, at Toronto, Mrs. W. J. Irwin—a daughter.
EDWARDS—On May 7, at Lambton Mills, Mrs. Thomas Edwards—a son.

Marriages.

BOHN—NEWBURN—On May 1, at Louisville, Kentucky, D. J. Bohn of Montcalm, Illinois, to Annie Chilton Newburn of Toronto.
McDONALD—McMURRICH—On May 2, at Toronto, Alexander McDonald to Mrs. S McMurrich.
PRATTIE—MORISON—On April 30, at Montreal, John Hugh Prattie of Toronto, to Annie Simpson Morison.
SPRY—WHITELEY—On April 30, at Toronto, George Frederick Spry to Lillian Whiteley.
BAMFORD—ODELL—On April 25, at Sherbrooke, Que., William Blackley Bamford of Elora, Ont., to Henrietta Odell.
TROTTER—HARRIS—On May 2, at Toronto, John Alex Trotter to Jennie A Harris of Bobcaygeon.
GILLIES—DOHERTY—On May 1, at Scarboro, John Struthers Gillies of King, to Maggie Doherty of Scarboro.
BUCHANAN—SMITH—On May 4, at Toronto, John Loyd Buchanan of Millbrook, Manitoba, to Isabel Irene Smith.
COOKE—PATERSON—On May 4, Arthur S. Cooke of Chicago, Ill., to Agnes M. (Attie) Paterson of Streetsville.
O'HARA—BENNETT—On May 7, at Buffalo, Henry O'Hara of Toronto, to Bell S. Bennett.
MURDOCH—McCORMICK—On April 30, at Newmarket, J. Harry Mumford of Toronto, to Maria J. M. Cormick of Newmarket.

Deaths.

BATES—On May 2, at Toronto, Mrs. Mary Jane Bates, age 1 65 years.
DAWKINS—On May 2, at Toronto, John Dawkins, aged 67 years.
DACK—On May 3, at Toronto, William Dack.
GREENWOOD—On May 2, at West Toronto Junction, Alice Mary Greenwood.
PEMBER—On May 3, at Toronto, Lena Henrietta Pember, aged 14 months.
FOWHAM—On May 2, at Milliken's Corners, Mrs. R. B. Fowham.
RODDY—On May 3, at Toronto, Mrs. Jane Thompson Roddy, aged 89 years.
HODGES—On May 3, at Newcastle, Hiram Hodges, aged 88 years.
GORHAM—On March 21, at London, England, Mrs. Helen Gorham aged 87 years.
LAMB—On May 4, at Brampton, Jane Evans Lamb, aged 77 years.
WOOD—On May 5, at Toronto, infant son of Alexander and Sarah Wood, aged 7 weeks.
ALLEN—On May 5, at Newton Brook, Mrs. E. Allen, aged 70 years.
BEDFORD-JONES—On May 3, at Napanee, Percival Langton Bedford-Jones, aged 11 years.
MERCER—On May 5, at Toronto, Robert H. Mercer.
DUTHIE—On April 28, killed at Hamilton, William Duthie and Katherine Wilson Duthie.
BAKER—At Buffalo, N. Y., W. H. Baker, aged 67.
HAMILTON—On May 4, at St. Thomas, Thomas Hamilton of Toronto.
MELVILLE—On May 5, at Toronto, Rev. Henry Melville, aged 69 years.
PHILLIPS—On May 5, at Toronto, Joseph Phillips, aged 43 years.
DODGSON—On May 4, at Toronto, Mrs. Margaret Dodgson, aged 75 years.
MARSHALL—On May 3, at Toronto, James Marshall, aged 57 years.
BOOTH—On May 5, at Toronto Island, Leona Booth, aged 29 years.
NODES—On May 6, at Toronto, Margaret Nodes, aged 77 years.
KING—On May 5, at Orillia, Mrs. Matilda King, aged 77 years.
JEFFREY—On May 5, at Stratford, Mrs. William Jeffrey, Jr.
McCORMACK—On May 2, at Chico, Cal., James Harvey McCormack, aged 28 years.
YARWOOD—On April 25, at St. Thomas, E. M. Yarwood aged 60 years.
MALONE—At Toronto, John Malone, aged 24 years.
LIVINGSTON—On May 7, at Toronto, James Gordon Livingston.
GRAY—On May 8, at Gray's Mills, Mrs. J. M. Gray.
CRON—On May 8, at Whitby, James R. Cron, aged 28 years.
HOWELL—On May 8, at Whitby, Henry Howell, aged 74 years.

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A POOR RELATION

Written by EDWARD E. KIDDER

A Poem of Laughter and Tears
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BARRIE.

Ovenden the handsome residence of Mr. John Strathy, presented a very gay and brilliant appearance on Wednesday evening, May 1, when Mrs. Strathy gave an At Home for her many friends. More than one hundred availed themselves of this pleasure. Mrs. Strathy received her guests in her usual charming manner. Mr. Strathy made a perfect host, and was indefatigable during the evening in entertaining the guests. It would be difficult to give a complete list of those present, so I will mention those whom I noticed: Lady Kortright, Dr. and Mrs. Grasett of Toronto, Col. and Mrs. O'Brien, Capt. and Mrs. Whish, Col. and Mrs. Grasett of Toronto, Judge Boys and Mrs. Boys, Mrs. Arthur Grasett of Toronto, Mrs. Andros, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. D. Spry, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Raikes, Mr. and Mrs. S. Lount, Mr. and Mrs. J. Sanford, Mrs. J. Ardagh, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Strathy, Mr. and Mrs. Jeffry McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hewson, Miss Hewett, the Misses Foster, Miss Kortright, Mr. and Mrs. McKeggie, Mr. and Mrs. Spotton, Mr. and Mrs. Cotter, Mrs. McLaren of Hamilton, Mrs. Bird, Mr. and Mrs. Radenhurst, Mrs. C. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Mockeridge, Mr. L. Beatty, Mrs. Schrieber, Mrs. Bridges, Mrs. Glynn, Mr. and Mrs. Barwick, Mrs. Murphy, Miss M. Ardagh, Mr. A. P. Ardagh, Miss Schrieber, Mr. R. Schrieber, Mr. A. Strathy of Toronto, Miss Way, Miss Strathy of Toronto, Mr. Gifford of Toronto, Miss Morgan of Toronto, Miss Hillary of Aurora, Mr. W. Spry and Miss Spry, Mr. Hornsby and Mr. Hornsby, Miss Mason, Miss Birdie Mason, Miss Stewart, Mr. W. Campbell and Miss Campbell, Miss Cotter, Mr. E. Mitchell, Mr. T. R. Boys and Miss Boys, Mr. F. H. Lauder, Mr. Charles Ardagh, Miss Bird and Miss Helen Bird, Mr. A. Giles, Mr. Lief, Mr. Coffee, the Misses Forsyth, Miss Murphy, Mrs. Holmes, Dr. W. A. Ross, Mr. T. R. Ferguson, Mr. W. Cameron, Mr. T. and the Misses Baker, Mr. A. and Miss Dyment, Mr. R. Andros, Mr. H. McVittie, Mr. L. McCarthy, Mr. Fairbairn, Mr. F. and Miss Stevenson, Mr. Gillett, Mr. Esten, Mr. E. Hogerson, Miss Esten of Toronto, Mr. C. H. Crease, Mr. P. Kortright, Mr. Bridges, Mr. R. R. Morton, Mr. Strathy of Toronto. The music for dancing was furnished by a string band, which was kept up until the early morn.

Captain Ardros has returned home after spending several months in the Old Country.

Senator and Mrs. Gowan sailed for Europe recently; the irmany friends wish them *bon voyage*.

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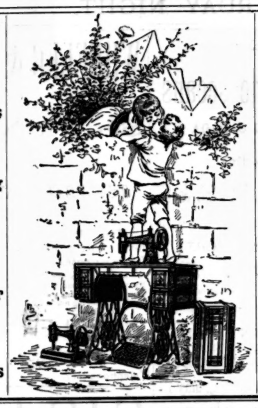

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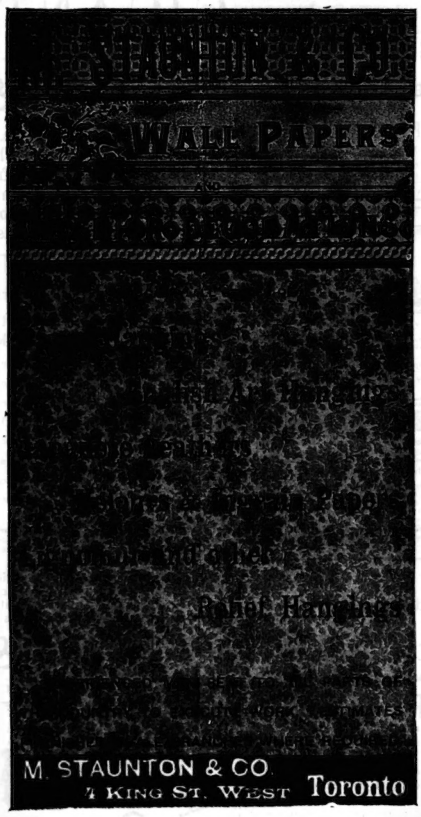

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